

IMPROVEMENT ERA



Vol. 30

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1926

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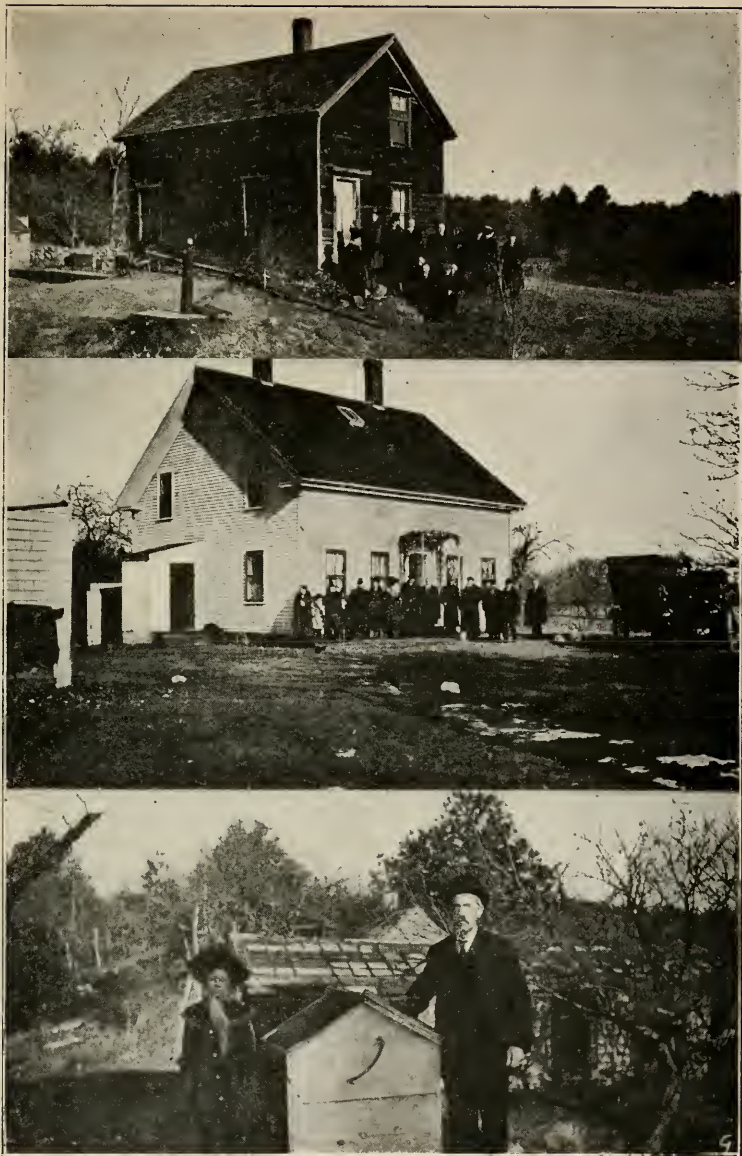
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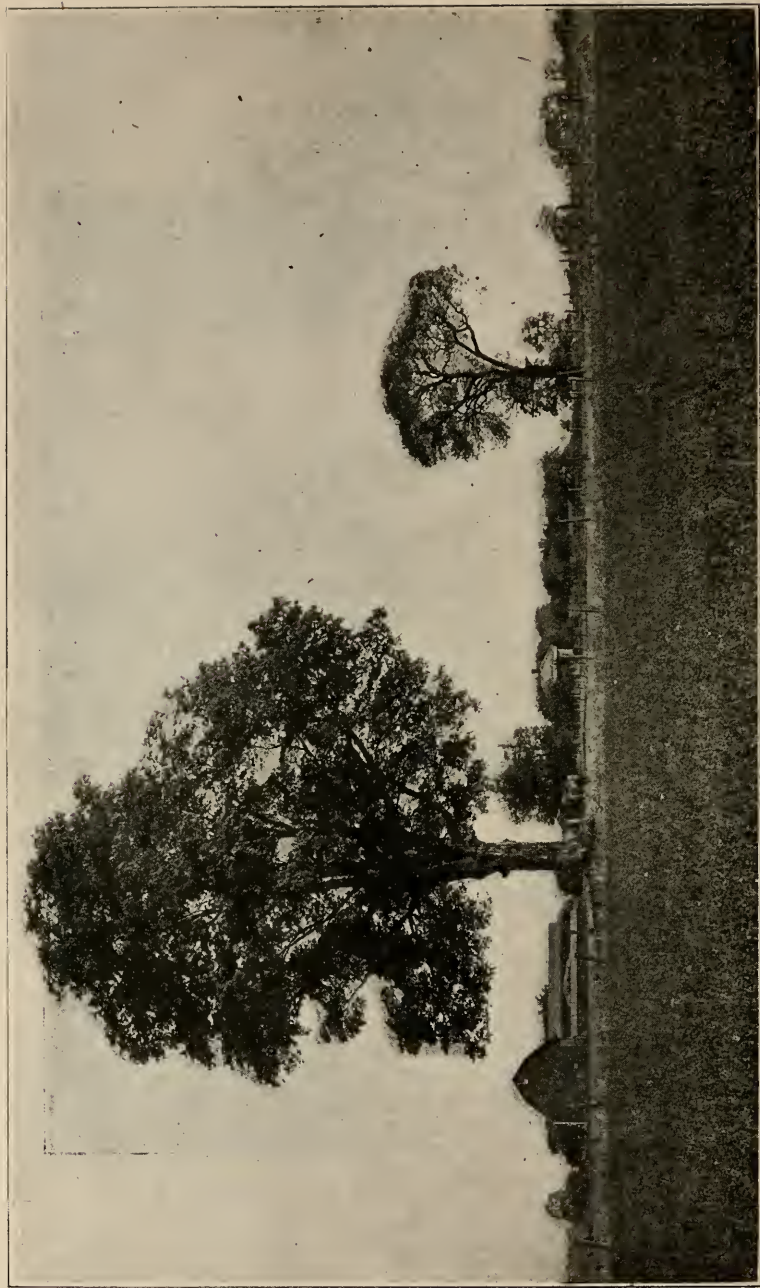


SCENES RECALLING EARLY CHURCH HISTORY

Top: House on the old farm of Robert Smith, Topsfield, Mass. The chimney is made of the brick of his old home.

Center: Vermont party at the home of Asahel Smith, near Topsfield, 1905.

Bottom: Well at the old home of Grandfather Asahel Smith, Topsfield, Mass.



THE PETER WHITMER FARM

Photo by Geo. E. Anderson.

Where the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was legally organized in Fayette, Seneca County, New York, April 6, 1830. The farm, consisting of about one hundred acres of land, has recently been purchased by the Church. See article in this number of the *Improvement Era*.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXX

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CHURCH AND STATE—BRITISH-ISRAEL MOVEMENT*

Significance of the Construction of the Pyramid of Gizeh

BY PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

My brethren and sisters: I rejoice greatly, and praise the Lord, who is our strength, and upon whom we depend for guidance and support, for the manifestation of his goodness to us as it is exemplified in this large assembly of Latter-day Saints who are gathered here for the semi-annual conference of the Church.

As I look upon this congregation and review the circumstances which have brought it together, going back into the remote past, and see, or appear to see, how literally the Lord fulfills his promises to people with whom he enters into covenant, my heart is made to rejoice.

PURPOSE OF THESE GENERAL ASSEMBLIES

The purpose of these general assemblies of the Church is that those who have been chosen to preside over it, and its members may be brought together from time to time where report of the progress and development of the work of the Lord may be made; when instruction may be given, when we may be admonished, where admonition is necessary, and encouraged where we need encouragement.

FEATURES DIFFERENTIATING OUR CHURCH FROM OTHERS

There are so many distinctive features which differentiate the Church from other religious denominations that it is impossible, in a short period of time, to refer to even a comparatively small number of them. This is one of those distinctive features, this great gathering

*Sermon delivered at the first meeting of the semi-annual conference on Sunday, October 3, 1926.

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of the Church, which occurs twice during the year. Another distinctive feature is that these people who are assembled here, who make up the membership of the Church, are its controlling influence and power under God. Those who preside are placed here by the voice of the Spirit of the Lord, and sustained by the voice of the people. The people uphold them with their faith and prayers and they depend upon the Lord for inspiration and wisdom to properly direct the affairs of the Church for the benefit of all its members. It is not a Church in which the individual members depend entirely upon the instruction and testimony which come to them from their presiding officers. The testimony of the truth which brings them together is their individual gift and right, and they are here and adhere to the faith because the Lord has manifested his truth to them by the power and gift of the Holy Ghost, and they are not dependent upon others for this knowledge.

AN ALLEGED RETROGRADE MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH

Only a short time ago, just a few months, during the present year, a gathering of representatives of other religious denominations, from all parts of this intermountain country assembled at Salt Lake City. They discussed the interests of their various organizations, and among other things, as usual, discussed the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which they continue to refer to as a non-Christian organization, and they took great comfort, apparently, in the reports which were made from various representatives of those denominations to the effect that they had at last succeeded in battering down the walls of this American Islam, that Christianity was making way among the Latter-day Saints; that the activities of our elders were decreasing; and the tithes of the Church gradually being depleted. In other words, that there was a retrograde movement in the Church, which appeared to encourage them in the hope that its members might eventually be converted to the Christian faith. I shall not enter into a discussion of this matter. The proceedings of this great convention were published and may be read. I thought, as I looked upon this congregation of men and women, that it is sufficient answer to these people. We encourage and bless them in their righteous efforts, and the Lord will bless them for all the good that they accomplish. But they are ignorant of the fact that these Latter-day Saints, these people whom they are endeavoring to convert to Christianity, have been converted, not by argument, not by reason alone, but by the gift of the holy Spirit through which they bear testimony to the divinity of the mission and character of the Redeemer of the world as no other people.

THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT AND THE DOMINANT CHURCH IN MEXICO

Reviewing the occurrences of the past six months, and to a careful observer they have been pregnant with events indicating the rapid

approach of the consummation of the work of the Lord, I have been impressed with two occurrences more particularly than others during that period of time. The present attitude of the civil government in the Republic of Mexico toward the dominant church in that Republic is of greater importance to the world than we generally understand. It is not a question which involves Mexico alone, but is one which involves all of the churches of the world, and the results which shall be achieved there, whether the civil government of Mexico shall prevail in its present attitude, or whether the church which is opposed to it shall prevail, will have a great influence upon the relationship of the church and state everywhere.

RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE MUST BE DETERMINED

It appears to me to indicate that a time has come when the proper relationship which should exist between Church and State, between civil and ecclesiastical law, between those who administer civil government and those who stand as representatives of the church or the various religious denominations of the world, must be determined.

That there is a proper relationship is clearly defined in the word of the Lord, and in the teachings of the Redeemer himself. Give to Caesar that which belongs to him; render obedience to the civil law. Give to God that which belongs to him, and render allegiance and service to him. This can be done very readily if people can only be brought to understand the proper relationship of these two great administrative powers. One of the accusations made against Christ our Lord was that he had declared himself to be a king. Yes, he said before Pilate, I am a king, but my kingdom is not of this world. I am not here in antagonism to the kingdom of Herod, or to the empire of Rome. My kingdom pertains to the life to come. I am here to teach people the way which will lead them back to God, where they will attain to everlasting life, and where they may be crowned as kings and priests of the Most High.

L. D. S. MORE DIRECTLY INTERESTED IN THE QUESTION THAN OTHERS

I shall not enter into any lengthy discussion of this question. I only desire to call your attention to it. Latter-day Saints are perhaps more directly interested in it than any other people in the world, from the fact that the Republic of Mexico is made up in the great majority of its citizens of people whom the world calls Indians, but to whom the Latter-day Saints refer as Lamanites, people whom we believe to be of the chosen and promised seed of Abraham, brought to this continent and established here under the direction of God our Father, under the leadership of their inspired prophets.

THE LAMANITES OR INDIANS OF MEXICO

They developed a great civilization, but finally through unbelief,

infidelity, and indifference to the word of the Lord, and the teachings of the Christ who ministered among them, fell into darkness, became divided into tribes, were decimated by civil war until they finally so far lost the spirit of the gospel of Christ that they became idolaters and offered human sacrifices, practices that were entirely foreign to the teachings of their fathers. It was in this condition that the conquerors of Mexico found them. Their prophets had warned them that this would come to pass. They had exhorted them to turn from idolatry, had declared to them that they should be trodden down of the Gentiles, who would come to this promised land, but just as definitely and surely as their subjugation by foreigners had been declared, so did the Lord promise to their fathers that they should be redeemed; that a remnant of them should survive and be brought back to a knowledge of the truths of the gospel of Christ and of their real origin. And so we look forward to the evolution of conditions in that country that will bring about the fulfilment of this latter promise. No people of modern times have been so down-trodden, so persecuted, so afflicted, so burdened with unreasonable burdens as have the people of Mexico during the past four hundred years. Nothing in the way of suffering could be inflicted upon humanity that has not been inflicted upon them. Mercilessly treated by their conquerors, reduced to slavery, they have suffered throughout all these generations. The Lord in his mercy, and undoubtedly by means so natural and common that many will not see his hand in it, will redeem them from that condition.

RETribUTION HAS COME TO THEIR PERSECUTORS

And retribution has come to their persecutors. It is a remarkable fact that of these men who brought that nation into subjugation, there was not one, so far as I am aware, who did not pay the penalty for the suffering he inflicted upon them during his mortal life. Columbus, the discoverer of this country, the man who was entitled to honor and glory far greater than he ever received, consented to the traffic in these people as slaves and sent them by shiploads to the old world. You all know how he died at *Valladolid*, in Spain, how he was cast into prison, how he was stripped of the honors which belonged to him, and died in that condition.

Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, suffered the same fate. Francisco Pizarro and his friend Almagro, the conquerors of the Peruvian empire, likewise suffered. Pizarro killed Atahaulpa, and later killed Almagro, his bosom friend. The younger Almagro killed Pizarro and he in turn was killed by the governor of the country. Thus one by one retribution came to them. I believe this law to be as inevitable as fate itself; that we reap that which we sow.

SHALL CHURCH OR GOVERNMENT RULE, OR EACH IN ITS SPHERE?

So, my brethren and sisters, we feel interested in this movement,

this conflict which is now on in that country and which shall determine whether or not the civil government or the church shall rule, or whether the church and the civil government will join hands and in harmonious obedience to both civil and ecclesiastical law go on to the development of this continent as God our Father would have it develop.

THE BRITISH-ISRAEL MOVEMENT

Another thing in which I thought you would be interested is a great movement which is just on in Great Britain, which has been of exceeding interest to me. An association is in existence there which is sponsored by many of the great scholars and statesmen of Great Britain, called the British-Israel movement. The British people are undertaking to determine who their ancestors were. They have become obsessed with the thought that they are of Israel, and are investigating and studying, going back in the old traditions and folk-lore of Wales, of Ireland, of England and Scotland, in an endeavor to determine the origin and destiny of the British race. And this in brief is what they are finding out: In the first place that the word "British" itself is very significant. I asked a Jewish Rabbi the other day the derivation of the word "British." He said in Hebrew it was composed of two words, "Brit"—a covenant, and "ish"—a man. A covenant man, or a man of the covenant, the covenant which God our Father made with Abraham, the covenant in which he promised him that his seed should become as numerous as the stars of heaven—a covenant in which he promised him that kings should come out of him, and that through him all of the nations of the earth should be blessed.

DEVELOPMENTS IN THE INVESTIGATION

I cannot take the time to go into detail, but it is sufficient for me to say that these investigations show very conclusive if not definite evidence that at an early date in the history of the world, not long after the ten tribes were led away captive into Assyria by Shalmaneser, the tribe of Dan appeared in Ireland and went over into the Scandinavian countries, and there again you will find this singular coincidence, (Dan is one of the tribes of Israel) that Denmark means Dan's Land, or the Land of Dan.

I noted down here, that I might not be too long, just a few of the developments in this investigation. It was after the scattering of the ten tribes that Troy was established, and it is made almost definitely certain that the Trojans, and the nations who lived in the time which we call the age of fable, were the remnants of those scattered tribes of Israel which left the head of the Euphrates river and traveled north over the mountains into Northern Europe. They say that the early appearance of the tribe of Dan is very clearly proved. Later came another division of this same people to Scotland, where they were established. There appeared in Ireland, six hundred years before Christ a great

Israelitish lawgiver, who enforced the observance of the Ten Commandments and established a school of the prophets, who was called Ollam Fodhla, two Hebrew words said to mean "wonderful prophet." A medallion now in existence in Great Britain is said to identify this man with the Prophet Jeremiah.

An old manuscript which has been dug up in the British Museum identifies a great character who came there about the same time as Joseph of Arimathea, who came with his daughter Anna to that country. This man, the evidence indicates, was a younger brother of the father of the Virgin Mary, thus Anna became the cousin of the Virgin. The royal family of Great Britain trace their genealogy back direct to this woman Anna. There can be no doubt in regard to this. The only question in doubt is the identity of Anna and some of the scholars in Great Britain agree that she appears to have been a cousin of the Virgin Mary.

SYMBOLISM OF THE BRITISH COAT OF ARMS

The British coat of arms I desire to refer to just for a moment. I think that none of us has very seriously undertaken to define its symbolism and meaning: The lion of the house of David is shown on it; the unicorn, to which the Lord likened Joseph when he said that his horn should be like the horn of the unicorn, which should push the people together from all parts of the earth; the harp, which was the banner of David. There are ten symbols on the British coat of arms, which appear to represent the ten tribes of Israel. And these were not put there because of the knowledge which modern Britain had of their significance at the time of their adoption. It was the heraldry which had been handed down to them from generations long past.

WHAT THE SAINTS HAVE TRIED FOR YEARS TO TEACH THE BRITISH

The thing which interested me most was that these British people are just beginning to find out what the Latter-day Saints have been trying to teach to them for nearly a hundred years. This great congregation of people which is assembled here this morning—if you should go to the Presiding Patriarch of the Church, whose right it is because of his calling to designate your genealogy, he would almost without exception declare you to be the seed of Joseph, and in the great majority of cases through the lineage of Ephraim, for this is the land which was given to Ephraim—these everlasting hills. His blessing was greater than that bestowed upon his ancestors. Jacob said that it extended to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills. And so this pushing together is occurring, and here Ephraim is gathering in fulfilment of the unchangeable words of the prophets of the Lord.

Now, my brethren and sisters, there is much more—oh, a world of interesting evidence that is being unearthed, not by enthusiasts, not by foolish people, but by scholars, by Egyptologists, by men who

understand—until the thought is becoming almost universal in the British Isles, that Israel is there, where we have always known him to be.

A STUDY OF THE PYRAMID OF GIZEH

Another interesting development is a more careful study of the great pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt. What is it? Why was it put there? It is one of the most wonderful things that exist in the world, a miracle in stone. We cannot call it anything else. It stands in the spot where the Prophet Isaiah said the Lord should establish an altar which would stand as a sign and a witness to the Lord in the land of Egypt in the latter days. It is said to be the only perfectly oriented structure in the world, and yet it was put there at a time when the civilization of the world was not supposed to have developed as it is developed at the present time. It is the largest structure in the world. It is said to record the history of the Adamic race during the six thousand years of its existence. It was called by the ancient Egyptians, Khuti, which in Hebrew means the Urim, or Urim and Thummim. Its exterior was polished so that it reflected light as nothing of a similar kind had ever done before. It is not the tomb of a king. Its measurements are said to be the most accurate that the world knows at the present time. Its proportions are in exact measurement and harmonize with the surface of the earth. It represents the relationship of the earth to the heavenly bodies.

I opened the Pearl of Great Price a few months ago and read the story of Abraham in Egypt, where the book tells us that he was sitting upon Pharaoh's throne, discussing with those people astronomy and the mysteries of godliness with which they were not familiar. According to eminent scholars of Great Britain the pyramid is so accurately arranged in its measurements and symbols that it has outlined many great and important events which have occurred since its erection, which apply to the Israelitish people. It indicates a date on the 6th or 7th of April—there is a little difference of opinion but some great event was to occur on the 6th or 7th day of April, which is interpreted to be the date of the crucifixion of the Redeemer of the world. Its measurements indicate the beginning of the great war in 1914, and its termination in 1918. More than ninety per cent of the events chronicled, according to measurements, have already been fulfilled. The scholars of Great Britain tell us that between the present date and 1936 or 1938, the record so far as it applies to this monument in stone will have been completed. There is nothing which appears after that date. And so they look for the accomplishment of great events during this period.

I do not give this to you my brethren and sisters, as correct in every detail, but it is the conclusion of some of the best informed men of the British Empire, and is not out of harmony with the word of the Lord as he has revealed it to us. It is not out of harmony, if you

have been a close observer during the past six months, with the things which have occurred in the world at large. It is not out of harmony with the words of the Redeemer himself who warned the world that in this dispensation, and not far from this time, for it is nearly a hundred years since the organization of the Church, that he will consummate his work so far as it applies to the Gentile nations of the world.

PREDICTIONS FROM THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

I am going to take the liberty to read a few words from the Doctrine and Covenants, that my study of these things has brought to my mind. There are here the presidents of the missions of the Church. There are in this congregation thousands of men and women who have gone out as missionaries from the Church declaring these truths to the people, as President Grant has stated:

"And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people.

"For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand.

"And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunders, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds.

"And all things shall be in commotion; and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people."

BE PREPARED FOR THE COMING GREAT EVENTS

Do you see anything, my brethren and sisters, in current events, which indicates the approach of a period of this kind? Be prepared, then, for it. In what way? Just by serving the Lord. Just by continuing in devoted work in the gospel of his kingdom. Just by observing the laws of the land and the laws of the Lord as they are exemplified in the discipline of the Church. There ought not to be a violator of the civil law in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There should not be a bootlegger, should not be a blasphemer; there should not be a man or woman bearing false witness against his or her neighbor. There should not be a man or woman whose heart and spirit is not in harmony with the doctrines taught by the Redeemer of the world. And if this condition can be attained and shall continue in the Church; if we shall be as we declare we are, subjects to kings and to potentates, to presidents and to governors, wherever our lot is cast, and at the same time go on in our devoted service to the Lord our God, keeping his commandments, having faith in the words of his servants, the prophets, looking steadfastly forward to the accomplishment of his purpose, I promise you that when this time of awful trouble comes which the British seers say is at our very doors, and it will come, his protecting hand will be over us, and he who is

powerful, he who can deliver, he who can protect, will give us protection and deliverance.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRIESTCRAFT AND PRIESTHOOD

God bless you, my brethren and sisters, keep us all from the sins of the world, keep us clean and unspotted, make us more devoted if possible to his word and more loyal and patriotic to the government of which we form a part. For without this government the Church of Christ could not exist, unless God should manifest his power in an unusual manner in our behalf. He has raised up this government and the men who direct its affairs for our protection and benefit, for the protection and benefit of the people of the world in righteousness. But whenever people depart from the way of righteousness, whenever priestcraft shall take the place of Priesthood, God's mercy will be withdrawn, (Distinguish between the words—priestcraft is that system by which men pretend to speak and act in the name of the Lord without authority and without power; Priesthood is the keys and authority to properly act and speak in the name of the Lord, and the power of the Priesthood will be manifest in the works of those who exercise it. And that characterizes the lives of these men, these apostles who are before you, these presiding seventies, and presidents of missions. They exercise the Priesthood of the Lord our God through proper authority, and they exercise it in a proper way.) When priestcraft shall assume that which does not belong to it, then God's mercy and protection will be withdrawn. Go on and read the remainder of this eighty-eighth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, (I do not like to read it here). It tells us what is going to happen to priestcraft, and it is coming with those other manifestations of the power of the Lord which are so prevalent.

May the blessing of the Lord be with you, my brethren and sisters. We pray for you, we work for you, we love you. Our only desire is to be of service to you, forgetting ourselves. And I want to bear witness that never in the history of the Church have men more unselfishly directed its affairs than at the present time. I know this from my association with these men, with the Presidency, with the members of the Council of the Twelve. They are here to sacrifice everything for the welfare of the members of the Church of Christ. God help us all to follow that example, I pray through Jesus Christ. Amen.

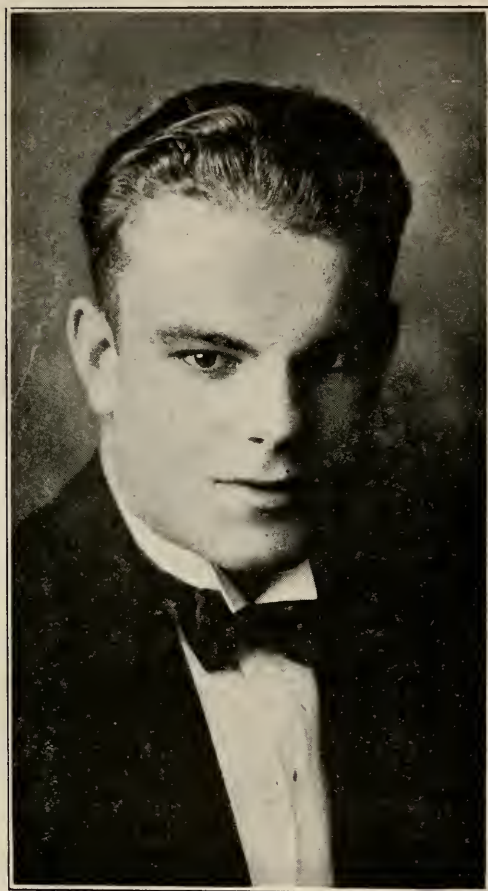
What Laughter Is

It is the sunshine of life; the mirror of the soul; the magic of the mind; the overflow of happy feelings; the overflow of the imagination; the sign of a merry heart; the dispeller of gloom; the disperser of mental clouds; one of the germs of health; a tonic for those who indulge in it, and a thrill-giver to the listener.—*D. C. Retsloff.*

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST*

BY DONALD P. LLOYD

On one occasion when Jesus was talking to his disciples, he said, "Whom say men that I am?" In reply they repeated the rumors and popular fancies that had come to their attention.



DONALD LLOYD

"Some say thou art John the Baptist returned to life, others that thou art Isaiah, or Jeremiah, or some other of the ancient prophets." Jesus then turned to Peter and said, "But whom say ye that I am?" Peter, voicing the sentiments of the entire group, but more particularly testifying of his own convictions, declared the great confession, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God."

I have chosen for my text the Divinity of Jesus Christ. I fully realize the responsibility which devolves upon a speaker who attempts such a subject. I realize that all attempts to do the subject justice have ever fallen short of perfection. For men have philosophized, men have rationalized

and humanized, but they have often failed to explain the Divine Jesus. But I believe I should make the attempt tonight and express a few of the convictions I have that give me a testimony in the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

*This speech won first place in the Y. M. M. I. A. public speaking contest, June conference, 1926. The author received the M. I. A. gold medal prize.

We are living, it seems, in an era of doubt; at a time when the whole Christian world is torn asunder by different beliefs; at a time when those who profess to be the followers of the meek and lowly One are themselves doubters of the gravest type. For the past few years especially, there has been going on in our country a savage warfare, if I may term it such, a contention with respect to the divine character of Jesus of Nazareth. Men are attempting to divest him of all supernatural and divine attributes and to reduce him to the dimensions of a great religious teacher and reformer. These men, who see Jesus merely as a great ethical and moral teacher, and who admit that their intelligence will not permit a belief in his divinity, call themselves Modernists. In fact, it must be admitted that modern, critical study on its negative side entirely discounts the traditional history of Jesus; indeed, if it does not provoke doubt about his very existence. But that school of thought which attempted to dissipate Jesus' historic existence into myth made more noise than either its following or its strength justified, and it has, I suppose, been sufficiently dealt with; for after hundreds of years of arguing, the fact that Christ lived is, I believe, recognized by common consent, as the most important fact in human history. So the question before the world today is not, Did Christ ever live? But it is the same question Jesus asked of his apostles, "Whom say men that I am?" What are we to think of Jesus?

A few years ago a certain young man with good opportunities for investigation and with a probability of receiving sincere answers, asked every Christian minister whom he met during a Summer vacation this question: "Yes, or no. Do you believe Jesus to be the Son of God, sent by him to save the world? I am not asking whether you believe he was inspired in the sense that the great moral leaders of the day are inspired; nobody has any trouble about that—but do you believe he was God's very Son, with a definite and divinely appointed mission on earth, dying on the cross and resurrected from the dead? Yes, or no!"

Not a man answered, yes; but each wanted to explain; and in over half the instances, the sum of the answers was, that Jesus is the most perfect man the world has ever seen and humanity's greatest moral leader. But, these Christian ministers, it seems to me, denied the very Christ whom they represent.

A short time ago an eminent scientist visited Utah. A man who is recognized as a world's authority in the field of Geology. In an address to the faculty of Brigham Young University, this man made the statement that the ideals of Jesus as given in the Sermon on the Mount and in the Decalogue, are beautiful; and, because of them, Jesus must be recognized as the greatest ethical and moral teacher the world has ever produced. But, he added, the belief in his divinity is the most preposterous belief imaginable.

I have too much respect for the opinions of an educated man to

appear antagonistic to him, but if that is all we can say of Jesus, then the foundation seems to me to be completely gone from the Christian religion. In such a generation as this we can't make the ideals of Jesus triumphant merely because they are beautiful. The Campanile of St. Marks did not fall from lack of beauty, but from lack of foundation. Well, is the Christian religion founded fundamentally upon those beautiful, ethical ideals of Jesus, or is it founded fundamentally upon a belief in such doctrines as the Atonement and the Resurrection? That's a fair question to ask of any man and the answer is at once apparent. Take the doctrine of the Resurrection alone from Christianity and what have we left? Remember what Paul said to the unbelieving Sadducees because they refused to believe in the Resurrection of Jesus? "For if Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our faith in vain." That is the plainest statement I know of as to the place of the Resurrection in the Christian religion. In other words, if Christ was not resurrected from the dead, then there is no authoritative foundation for Christianity, yet to admit that he was resurrected is to admit a belief in that fundamental doctrine which is behind it, The Divinity of Jesus Christ.

I can't see why men should recognize Jesus as the Great Exemplar, the Perfect Model, the Ideal Man of the human race, and yet deny his divinity. Christ himself said he was divine. He repeatedly declared he was the Son of God. Well, if he be not divine, how can he be the great Model, the Perfect Exemplar, the Ideal Man of the world? As one has expressed it; "Jesus was either an unpardonable egotist, or a hopeless lunatic, or he was the Christ, the Son of God."

Futhermore, if men are going to recognize Jesus as the greatest character in human history, and yet deny his divinity, they must explain his greatness. We study the lives of all great men in an effort to determine why they were great, and without going into detail I will say this: We recognize the greatness of Shakespeare and other great authors because of the literature they have left to the world. We recognize the greatness of Napoleon, and other great military leaders, because of their ability to lead armies. We recognize the greatness of Abraham Lincoln and other great statesmen, because of their demonstrated ability to guide the destinies of nations. We recognize Jesus as greatest of all—why? Because of the beautiful, ethical ideals he has given to the world? Yes. Partly. No one cares to deny that. But the world already had these before he came, from Moses, Confucius, and other great philosophers; yet, we do not rank them in the same category with Jesus. No—we must go deeper to find why Jesus must be placed at the top of the list, and so we go into a study of his life.

These are the simple facts of Jesus' life. He was born about two thousand years ago in a stable; brought up in a carpenter's home; worked at his father's trade until he was a full-grown man; preached to his people almost three years until he died at thirty-three. He

wrote no books; he commanded no armies; he organized and controlled no industries. He was poor and unbefriended, called beside himself by his family, a heretic by his church, and a traitor by his nation. At last taken outside the walls of the city which he loved, to be crucified as a felon between thieves. He arose from the dead, and became the first fruits of the Resurrection.

These are the simple facts about Jesus, yet millions recognize him today as the very soul of God and religion. Does not that fact alone establish at least an element of divinity? Indeed, may we not say that the very facts of his life offer perhaps our greatest testimony as to his divinity? We recognize the greatness of Jesus, partly because he gave to the world its most beautiful ethical and moral ideals, but primarily and fundamentally because he was divine. The very facts of his life prove he was divine. He said he was divine. And all who were intimately associated with him on earth testified that he was divine and they gave their lives for that testimony. The Four Gospels and all the other books of the New Testament may differ in some respects concerning Jesus, but from all these twenty-seven books of the New Testament there emerges that one consistent, vital, and fundamental declaration that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.

Modern critics of course do not accept the testimonies of these ancient apostles, disciples and prophets concerning Jesus, because they do not accept the Bible as a historical basis of truth. Modern critics may discount the testimonies of ancient prophets on that basis if they choose, but they have no right to deny the testimonies of latter-day prophets on the same basis. For some reason you and I have been particularly favored. For God in these last days has seen fit to give us additional testimony concerning Jesus. In the early part of the 19th century, God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ appeared to the prophet Joseph Smith in person, at Palmyra, in New York. Shortly afterward, at the time of the dedication of the Kirtland Temple, Jesus Christ, the resurrected Redeemer of the world, stood on the breast-works of the pulpit and expounded the truths of the everlasting gospel. Other manifestations were received then and afterward, and even today, in our Church, our living prophets are receiving direct inspiration, guidance and revelation from Jesus Christ, and they declare to all the world that he is the Christ, the Son of the living God.

We stand today, in a modern era, and as a Mutual Improvement organization, for an individual testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ. The youth of Zion are being taught the simple truths of Jesus, so that their minds and hearts may be prepared for an intelligent acceptance of that testimony when it comes in the way laid down by Christ himself when, turning to Peter, he said, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

Provo, Utah.

WHY DO THE YOUTH GO ASTRAY?

BY MRS. R. A. A. REES

Not long ago I heard a mother of eleven say: "If I had my life to go over again, I would not have so many children." I had thought, here is one of the wonderful women, and with a turn of her tongue she dispelled all my illusions about her—she was ashamed of having accomplished the thing I most desired to do.

"Why?" I asked. In a disgruntled tone she replied, "Oh, you can't dress so well as other people, and one must keep up with the times these days, and you can't afford to educate them."

Here her husband interposed to say: "You know we sent so-and-so and so-and-so to high school, and they wouldn't go." This couple, each about fifty years of age, owned a fine residence and a good car, had a secure means of living, and were well fed and well dressed. It was a relief to me to find that they no longer classed themselves as Latter-day Saints, because I could see they had departed from the ideals which their religion taught them.

Is there not in this a clew as to why young people often go wrong? What is there to inspire young people to live temperate and self-denying lives? Is ambition for position or means sufficient? Not all the time; and not much of the time. The human heart calls for something of more intrinsic value. It is ideals—ideals proceeding from a sure and divine source—that we hunger for, or we die, either in our own souls or those of our posterity.

The sanctity of the home, the sacredness of marriage, the blessing of children and many of them—these are the foundation principles of life that young people should realize. How can young people realize these principles of life? They do not get them from their ordinary associations. Will schools and colleges implant these ideals in them? Absolutely, no! Sociology, psychology, and philosophy together will lead them to believe that religion developed upward by a natural evolution from savagery, and that all religious creeds are man-made. Conviction of this one fact alone will tend to make them disregard all ceremony (such as marriage vows), to depreciate all things hitherto held sacred, and to lose respect for older people. Economics will teach them the theory of Malthus, and the statistics of the poor and their sufferings in overcrowded districts will so impress them that they will fear to rear a family. Biology and experimentation on life will lead them to believe that man is a natural outgrowth from a minute, one-celled animal, and Adam and all his descendants, together with Christ, will lose importance; the man of science will now take the place entirely of the patriarchs and prophets. Consequently, whatever science approves, or is said to approve, youth

will follow even to "sanitary contraceptive methods," seeking to cheat nature by getting her joys, and foregoing the development that naturally follows through pain or labor. Literature and philosophy will lead the young enthusiast to concede that religion (creed) is necessary for "the mass" of mankind, but true to his ego he will imagine that he himself is not of "the mass" but that he is highly educated; therefore he will be "tossed about by every wind of doctrine," and will have no foundational principles by which to guide his own life or that of his children. Competition with his fellows and the praise given the successful man of business and other affairs will set the youth toward the goal of financial success, which may involve disregard of home ties, marriage relations, and parental duties.

Are we surprised that modern girls, even college girls, smoke and conduct themselves immorally? They have been robbed of their birth-right—natural and wholesome ideals. Why do not the colleges supply these ideals? They do not have them to supply. They are seeking the truth, we can concede, for that is their function; but what they have is the product of the mind of man. The young people accept what they are taught, which negatives their faith in worn-out religious dogma. Ideals are nullified, and they have no firm foundation for faith. And, "what's the use?"

Why does not God speak? We Latter-day Saints know that he has spoken through Joseph Smith the Prophet, and still speaks through his prophet, when necessary to avoid misunderstanding. He has revealed the rational, the divine, and satisfying philosophy of life. There are many things we do not comprehend, and there always will be while we are earthly; but the assurance of the Spirit and the fruits of the gospel, the reward of purity, these we know. We do not believe that all knowledge is necessary before a weak creature, whose brief span of life is but three score and ten, should subscribe to a religious faith. We believe that God has sent the Comforter to the unknowing soul of man. We believe in walking by faith as well as by sight. We believe in being scientific in the sense, as Pasteur said, "It is a mistake not to doubt where the facts do not compel affirmation." Thus, wherein science would seem to discredit revealed truth, we are willing to wait till facts "compel affirmation." We do not give up the gospel, our "Pearl of Great Price," for the incomplete science of man. "Indeed, we may say, that we follow the admonition of Paul: We hope all things, we believe all things, [pertaining to the gospel as restored], we have endured many things, and we hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

May we keep ourselves unspotted from the world,

Salt Lake City

JOSEPH SMITH AND THE GREAT WEST

The Work of David Stuart and Ramsay Crooks in the Great West

BY I. K. RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

XIII

At Montrose, Iowa, which is the head of the wagonroad over which the covered wagon rolled to Utah, and on to Oregon and California, Joseph Smith stood anxiously surveying the landscape, in April, 1844.

Behind him, across the placid face of the Mississippi, lay Nauvoo, and behind Nauvoo lay a zone in which mobs were rising against his people. Their temple was rearing its spire towards the sky; and yet the leader of those who were building it felt that neither he nor they would live to see it finished.

Where lies the road to Oregon? It was the final great thought of the Prophet's mind. "In case of removal to that country," he read in a letter from his agent, in Washington, Orson Hyde, under date of April 26, 1844,

"Nauvoo is the place of general rendezvous. Our course from thence would be westward through Iowa, bearing a little north until we came to the Missouri river, leaving the state of Missouri on the left, thence onward until we came to the Platte, thence up the north fork of the Platte to mouth of Sweetwater river in longitude $107^{\circ} 45'$, and thence up the Sweetwater river to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, about 1,100 miles from Nauvoo; and from the said South Pass, in latitude $42^{\circ} 28'$ north, to the Umpaque and Klamet valleys in Oregon, bordering on California, is about 600 miles, making the distance from Nauvoo to the best portions of Oregon 1,700 miles."

When he wrote this letter, Elder Orson Hyde, with Elder Orson Pratt, was watching affairs in Washington to see what change there was for a declaration of American authority over Oregon, and an armed march to Oregon to back this authority up.

Joseph Smith had offered to take 100,000 people there—not Saints alone, but any Americans who might wish to go. He had offered to make the Nauvoo Legion their armed front and head—not a Legion of Saints alone, but of any Americans who might wish to join, as was always the case while this Legion drilled on its Nauvoo parade ground. And they were to go through this same South Pass Orson Hyde calls attention to!

One would think that with the South Pass playing so important a role in the progress of the covered wagon on to the great West the people of this day would know all about it, and its discoverers, and its story. But they do not. Read the histories over and you will find that on the gravestone at James Bridger's last resting place it is inscribed that he discovered the great South Pass in 1823. General Dodge, builder of the Union Pacific had those words inscribed on the

grave marker of his friend, Bridger. And there were then no known and authenticated narratives that prevented such a conception. In the days when John C. Fremont ran for President, he ran as "discoverer of the South Pass," and nobody in particular challenged him, save one old man, Ramsay Crooks. Andrew Henry, from whom the Henry Fork of the Snake river is named, and also the Henry Fork of the Green, and Fort Henry, the first habitation for white men built west of the Rockies, has been a favorite candidate to many historians for the honor of the South Pass' discovery. Today "Mormon" settlers from Utah inhabit the vicinity of this old fort in the Teton country.

Among Catholics and Frenchmen the favorite candidate is always Etienne Provot. Harris in his *Catholic Church in Utah* brings forward the claims of Provot quite strongly. This is the same Provot from whom our town of Provo, Utah, takes its name. As among and of themselves, all of these claimants might have strong grounds on which to rest their pretenses. But they are mentioned here only to illustrate the enormous need there is for an entire recasting of our story of the Great West. Data of events long preceding them wipes out all their controverted claims.

At the western end of the road lay Astoria, and it is only in the Summer of this year, 1926, that they have reared at Astoria a monument to John Jacob Astor. At the eastern end of the road, in so far as the "Mormon" people took the leadership in forwarding the cause of the Great West, lies the grave of Joseph Smith. No monument yet marks that grave.

I just visited it. There was no marker of any kind. From the Nauvoo Mansion house there came out "Old Brother Layton," who takes care of that house. "I will tell you where the Prophet's grave is," he said, "as it was told to us." And he led the way to a clump of bushes.

They were inside a rather large, ironed-off inclosure. "Under those bushes," he said, "the Prophet lies." "Marker?" "It is hidden away underground." The spot is just in front—towards the river—of the first home Joseph occupied in Nauvoo.

And then came a man named Salisbury who was over 90 years of age, and the people round about whispered of him "that he had been blessed that he should live as long as he desired." Aged Mr. Salisbury, too, could tell where the grave is.

"I will show it to you," he said, "as Alexander, the son of the Prophet, showed it to me when confidence was very necessary." And he led the way to a little basket of gladiolas. He had slipped them over the very spot in an expanse of green grass, on that bright August morning. It was not a different spot from that already pointed out. It was only more specific, at the edge of the clump of bushes. The marker, he assured me, was hidden away underground. Then the aged man said he was ready to die,—if he was to live as long as he

wished, it was now the Lord's move. He recalled two burials of the Prophet's body before the final, secret one.

Some day a great monument to Joseph Smith will rear its shaft skyward, for if he did not himself take up that great trail from Nauvoo to the Far West he created so much furore by his preparations that thousands of others "took the trail to head him off." They were Methodists, wishing Joseph Smith's people not to get first rights there, pro-slave people wanting the West just as they had wanted Missouri, and adventurers fired by the stories that Joseph Smith was preparing to strike out. He startled the nation through his preparation.

And now, let us look back behind Provot and Bridger of 1823, Fremont of 1844, and Henry of 1822, to the real men with whose work for the Far West the work of Joseph Smith must be linked up, the work of the one resting upon that of the others, as it was achieved in 1812-13.

In a former article we wrote of ten men whom Utah and all the Great West must come to know. We designated them as Hoback, Rezner and Robinson, Kentucky hunters, and David Stuart, Ramsay Crooks, Robert McClellan, Benjamin Jones, Andre Valle and Francois Leclair, members of a message-bearing party that started across America in 1812 to carry word of the founding of Astoria, on the Columbia, to John Jacob Astor in New York.

There are only nine men listed as participants in the drama of discovering the great Wagon Route to the West. They were the active participants. There was another—a passive participant who was a sort of passenger in three enterprises,—a Mr. Miller, known chiefly therefore as a merchant of St. Louis. The interesting thing about Miller to Utahns is that several maps of the Great Basin carry the name "Miller's River" on our Bear river. Bancroft expressed the thought that Miller and companions with him in 1811; namely, Hoback, Rezner and Robinson, might have discovered Great Salt Lake. Whitney's *History of Utah* repeats this suggestion as a possibility, one of the unsolved historical questions.

It all shows how vague and fragmentary is our data, because when the key men acted in these enterprises, nobody cared, nobody noticed. When, scores of years later, people began to take notice, began to care, they rushed forth to glorify the names then found on the horizon. Thus Fremont was accepted as the explorer of the West. Actually he had followed six women and many thousands of men over practically every foot of his "explorations" towards Oregon. Thus Kit Carson was accepted as the great figure of the Trapper Era. Its heroes had lived and died before he came. He happened to be living when Interest arrived, and that is a fortunate thing for any man, as Buffalo Bill learned after the days of really Wild Western life had faded,—when he could pose as their exemplar.

Perhaps we should tell first the story of the story of these men who really laid the foundation for American interest in the Far West, in-

cluding that of Joseph Smith who sought to translate this interest into an organized movement of occupation, for this we will see how it was lost for several generations.

They are not all of a group. First there are Hoback, Rezner and Robinson. To these men we owe our knowledge of the existence of two great passes through the Rockies. Once I learned about Hoback in an interesting way, for in company with Brigham Young, Jr., when he was head of the apostles' quorum, and Owen Woodruff, before an untimely death cut him down in Mexico, I journeyed over the hard Teton mountain pass through which "Mormons" from Utah had toiled to settle the Big Horn basin. We stopped to fish, for Brigham Young, Jr., was very tired, and thought the salmon fish he had known in his youth would restore his failing spirits. The river we fished in was the Hoback. It was running in such a narrow gorge that we had to wade in the stream to pass up its canyon. And we found a regularly marked burro trail up the bottom of this crystal-clear river—as easy to follow, strange to say, as if it had run on land instead of under water. The rocks there had been smoothed into a pathway by the work of the ancient mountaineers or Indians.

Who was this Hoback?—why this name? I found that nobody knew.

And years later, in reading Washington Irving's *Astoria*, I was delighted to find a footnote carrying this same name. That was the first glimmer of light. Hoback had gone hunting with his Kentucky companions, Rezner and Robinson, and had been fought by the Blackfeet, in 1809. They had been with Andrew Henry and had retreated across the Rockies with him to escape the Blackfeet. They had not crossed at the headwaters of the Missouri, where Lewis and Clark had, but at a pass farther south. It was marked by three great, upstanding mountains, the Three Teton.

They had built Fort Henry, in a valley the "Mormons" now occupy west of the Teton mountains,—the Teton stake of Zion. It was the first white man's house west of the Rockies. They had gone eastward again, over the Teton pass, to the Big Horn, and had floated down that and the Yellowstone to the Missouri.

Here they met John Jacob Astor's westward-bound¹ Astorians in 1810. And they told them not to follow the Lewis and Clark route. You see, we never would have had an American interest in the Great West if the Lewis and Clark journey had remained our only record—had its worst of all the passes of the Rockies remained the one we must depend upon. England had a much finer pass by way of the Saskatchewan, and would have won the Far West; when she raced us in canoes for it,—the Saskatchewan against the trail of the covered wagon.

This first deviation from the Lewis and Clark pathway, then, came when Hoback, Rezner and Robinson induced Mr. Hunt and his Astorians to try the Teton pass. They returned to guide the Astorians

over to the pathway on which the "Mormon" settlers of Utah afterwards moved in reverse of their journey to possess the Big Horn Valley.

Hoback's name was left on the stream on which he guided these Astorians from the Green River Valley to the Valley of the Snake just east of Jackson's Hole. Once in Jackson's Hole the Kentucky hunters lost interest in the further trail to Oregon. They took their pay, as first white guides to the Rockies, in the form of horses, traps and guns, and set out to make themselves a fortune in furs.

You see we must wander around, furtively this way, towards a great and commanding event in the Western Story. This was the discovery that the Wind River range had a southern end, beyond which a path lay across the Rockies, as level as a wagon road, and as easy to traverse. The first move was when Hoback, Rezner and Robinson quit the Astorians, to try "on their own" for their second Rocky Mountain fortune.

There Irving leaves them in a mere footnote. They took on a passenger, a Mr. Miller, from the Astorians, who had positively all he wanted of the Rockies. He wanted to get home. These hunters proposed to trap a little and hunt a little—and get home. So he joined them, looking hopefully towards the East.

They worked southward—possibly up Salt river—almost certainly up it in fact. And they discovered Bear river. That is why Washington Irving, who met Miller and heard of their wanderings from him, calls it Miller's river. They did not go down Bear river from Salt river—but up it—and then they found an old Indian trace, and cut across that to the eastward. They had good luck with beaver and became rich—in furs. They were the first whites to use the South Pass of whom we have any record. I happen to have seen a far more complete and definite record of it than has appeared in print, but of that, more later.

Irving brings them back into the picture of Astoria, again, in 1812 for a brief mention. He tells us that at Astoria, after it was founded, David Stuart made up a party of five men and himself to travel across America from west to east with messages for John Jacob Astor. As they came up the Snake River Valley intending to make for the Tetons, they met four bereft, pillaged, naked, Americans in the Snake river desert. These were their old friends, Hoback, Rezner, Robinson and Miller. The quartette told of their wanderings, and it was a fateful story—a story full of tales of great wealth in beaver—wealth along a river that "flowed to the Pacific" south of the Columbia's branches—wealth in the upper reaches of the Snake. They must go out that way—through a great, easy pass this quartette had discovered in their wanderings. They had gone 300 miles east of this strange Pacific-flowing river, and had been despoiled by the Indians. They had beaten a retreat again through this easy pass—living as naked outcasts off the salmon of the Snake.

Now they were glad to be rescued. Yes, they would try again, if Stuart would outfit them with horses, traps and guns: they wanted a

fortune in furs instead of returning home to Kentucky as beggars. Stuart outfitted them and left them. And there Irving leaves them, again a mere incident in the Astorian narrative. In Washington Irving's day the South Pass did not count. That they had discovered the key to America's winning of the Far West, Irving did not guess. Events to give it its great importance still lay ahead.

Having traced them out this far, I was anxious to learn the rest. And Alexander Ross furnished it for me. Ross wrote a volume on the Columbia river which included the story of a journey up the river in a Hudson's Bay Company canoe brigade. His companions and himself had been, one day, hailed to the bank of the river by an Indian child crying out words in French. It was in the Grand Ronde country. This Indian child's mother had told them a story. It was the story of the massacre on the Boise river of Hoback, Reznor and Robinson. She was with them, for she was the wife of a French hunter killed at the same time. Robinson had already been scalped in Kentucky, and had lived out his Rocky Mountain career without a scalp lock. Killed for his scalp, when he had it not, on the Boise, he had perished with his two companions—the real finders of our most important Key to the Great West. And except for this Indian woman's story they would today be a "Desert Mystery" in American narratives.

Stuart and his companions accepted a transfer of the passenger with the Hoback trapping party. Miller wanted to go to St. Louis,—and Stuart was going that way. He would go along—and guide them. And so they went along—a Stuart party now composed of seven. Stuart kept a diary. It has never yet been published. It tells us the rest of the story.

They struck southward determined to find this pass of the Kentucky hunters. And so they marched up the Portneuf, and reached Bear river on September 9, 1812. They "razzed" their man Miller harshly, for he had described it as a river of green foliage, abounding in beaver. In his defense he said he had struck it farther up—not down here among the burned sagebrush flats so barren that Stuart dared not camp for lack of grass for his tired horses. Those of us who know the enormous difference between the Bear river near Bear Lake and the Bear river of the Great Salt Lake plain will sympathize with Miller as he tried to coax Stuart to have faith—and go on up stream, to the Paradise he formerly had seen.

The tiny mountain trout disgusted Stuart. He wanted salmon. The brown bears disgusted him. He expected a bear to stand on his hind legs, as the grizzly did. Then he would shoot at its breast and kill it, as was easy with the grizzly if your shot was sure enough. But this brown bear ran away, after the unknown—to him—fashion of brown bears. And he was disgusted for his men were starving. Geese bound for the Bear river marshes flew overhead. But his Kentucky hunters were trained for hunting game—not for wing hunting. They

missed the geese. And so the first night Americans spent in our Utah country was a dismal night.

Now there is something important in Stuart's diary for all historians. It lays to rest the query Bancroft raised about Miller and the Great Salt Lake. Stuart continues to upbraid Miller—and he continues to beg them to hurry on up—up the river. For all he knows it empties into the Pacific. Not a word does either Miller or Stuart record to suggest they ever dreamed of the Great Salt Lake. Never does Miller suggest he knows the lower Bear—he pleads always for the upper Bear,—and the Indian trace across from it to the eastward-flowing waters. He even led the messengers right past the mouth of Bear Lake—and did not turn off on the branch of the Bear river that leads to it, for he did not guess that it existed.

And now arrived the tragedy that caused Chittenden in his splendid *History of the Fur Trade* to laugh at these "babes in the wood." They arrived at a spot on Bear river, on a well-marked Indian trace, where they had but a week to go to clear the South Pass. Instead of making the week's journey they made a very—to the unknowing historian—silly journey that took them a whole month.

It's a crazy journey, as it lies upon the maps. It was first to the north, down Salt river from the Bear to the Snake, then northwest on a raft down the Snake, then southeast across the Teton desert to the Teton pass again, then up the Hoback to the Green river—and then, in an apparently silly fashion, far to the south again, down to the end of the Wind River range—and around this range on the level ground that is the Great South Pass!

Let Utah hikers contemplate this journey as their own diary sets it forth, and then contemplate the sneer of the historian Chittenden that they were poor, befuddled, greenhorns, "*who had forgotten that the sun rises in the east.*" He gives them this parting fling.

Every mile of that weird month of retreat from the Bear River Valley was marched, without horses of any kind, or any burden bearer for guns and game. These men came as near to death as explorers could come—and live. They were greenhorns in just one thing,—and that was in handling the pillaging Mountain Indian, who was a very different Indian from the Indian of the Canadian Cree country and the Columbia country. On Bear river a Crow warrior raided their camp—and made demands. He even jerked Stuart out of his saddle, and Stuart raised his pistol to fire—then didn't. If he had done so all would have been well, for these Crow pillagers were then innocent of the use of fire arms and feared them.

The insult had been passed—the hostility of a warrior band of Indians incurred. The rest is easy to guess. The Crows tracked the whites,—and stampeded their horses. Next the whites burned all their gear and equipment—everything they could not carry. They saw smoke on every hill. It meant signal fires, calling the tribe to battle. They knew that, and the Kentucky hunters now matched Kentucky guile

against Indian guile. They won—but at a terrific sacrifice in which a month of fine marching weather was thrown away. They knew that the Indians were massing ahead—on the trail to the South Pass. That was the only way the Indians went—they thought the whites knew it as well as they did.

The hunters of the party, Jones and McClellan, in this instance, knew that any trail they left the Indians would follow. So they must blind their trail. And the way they did it sanctifies Salt river in the Far Western story. It was Salt river, with its shallow stream, which was Sanctuary to these proscribed and fleeing explorers. In their fight for life, they marched by night—straight down—not up—Salt river! They made their night marches this way until they found the Snake. They did not know where they were bound—only that night marches in this river, meant a chance to get away from an Indian trap,—and to live. They subsisted on a beaver Jones caught in his trap.

And with the Snake there,—then what? Well down the Snake they knew there were friendly Shoshones,—where they could get dried salmon and some horses. So they would raft down that river—looking for Indians—perhaps for the father of Old Washakie, their famous chief in the days of Brigham Young.

They did not find Shoshones—instead they found a bleeding elk with a Blackfoot arrow in its side. And they knew what the Blackfoot meant—a fight to the death on sight, as it always had been since whites first appeared in the Blackfoot country. They must now retreat again. This time it was for the Teton pass. They made it,—carrying game upon their own backs. But their feet gave out. McClellan lay down to die. One of the Frenchmen wanted to cast lots to see who should eat whom. He offered to save Stuart out of the drawing if he would consent to this adventure into cannibalism. They gained the Hoback and in a dismal, heart-breaking march gained the Green river. They had had to force McClellan along from a bed of grass where he had settled down to die.

An old buffalo bull gave them a meal. Then life looked different. They were in game country again! They took heart—and took up their quest of the Key to the Far West, once more. Far to the south the eastward mountain wall of Green river seemed to come to a stop. They would go down there—to that end of the mountain. They would try to round that—and then search for water that tasted like the muddy water of the Missouri! Plenty of game now revived them. Even a horse came their way, for they met a Shoshone encampment at which they traded some remaining trinkets for a horse. True it was a horse that even the Shoshones had abandoned as not worth while; but it carried the game these despairing men shot—and so made their personal loads a bit lighter. Sore feet healed in a period of rest. And then—the South Pass, and the Sweetwater!

No; they didn't find the exact road of the South Pass. Let the historians haggle over that. I never did like hagglers over such fine

points. They found a level, sandy plain south of the Wind River bluff, where it bends back to divide the waters of the Cheyenne from those of the Little Missouri. They kept on until they found water issuing from a spring that "tasted like the muddy water of the Missouri." Still on they pressed until they encountered the Platte. Then they built a house for the Winter. Indians visited them. They fled their house, and many miles eastward built another under the sheltering bank of the Platte. Here they built a boat but it stranded on the sandbars. They took up the march along the river bank.

And so, during the next Spring they reached St. Louis. They had great news,—the Far West was rich in beaver wealth—there was an easy route over, that would take the place of the Lewis and Clark route and the Astorian route at the Teton pass. This Southern Pass was much easier. There remained no reason why Americans should not go; wagons could easily pass over.

Now this was the story ten or fifteen years before America would take any interest. Who first spoke of the Far West in Congress? I checked back in the files of the *Congressional Record* and its predecessor, the *Gazette*, and came upon Ramsay Crooks, one of this Stuart party in the role that now looms so important. Senator Benton of Missouri it was who first rose to proclaim the value of the West's great wealth.

And as he made his positive statements he felt called upon to name his authority. He named Ramsay Crooks of this first west-to-east crossing of the Rockies. He named another Astorian, too.

Now Ramsay Crooks remained in Washington, while John Jacob Astor sent other agents after the Peace Commissioners who made the Peace following the War of 1812. He had his agents hound these American commissioners into the idea that the Great West was worth saving. England had won it in the war and the British flag flew over his Astoria. But America had won the war at New Orleans, on the Great Lakes, and on the Atlantic. She was making a victor's peace and so could demand that the Great West be restored to American domination, as of the *status quo ante*.

The treaty was so written, and John Jacob Astor thus won that monument to himself just now erected at the foot of the Road to Oregon. Joseph Smith, who sleeps at the head of the "Mormon" source affluent of that road, had many times to meet this situation John Jacob Astor and Ramsay Crooks set up, and how he based his work for Oregon upon it will be told in subsequent chapters. You know they had established American "rights," but for the next thirty years the real possessors were to be the British, with their policy of keeping "every damned Yankee east of the Rockies."

Chicago, Ill.

THE LIGHT THAT FLICKERED OUT

BY D. T. PRAIGG

"What on earth is the matter, Clara? You haven't been yourself today. You act as if you were expecting death rather than a happy marriage. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Page folded the newspaper in her hand, as she spoke, and looked at her daughter. Her face showed surprise and disappointment. It was some moments before Clara met her gaze. When she did speak, it was apparent that it cost her an effort.

"Maybe, mother, I'm not going to marry," she said.

"Not going to marry? Why, your gown has been ordered and you and Walter have selected the attendants. What do you mean?"

"I mean I am not fully decided. I told the dressmaker this morning not to cut into the goods for the present." She moved her feet back and forth restlessly on the rug as she spoke.

"Countermanded the order for your wedding gown? Have you and Walter quarreled?"

Clara looked steadily into her mother's eyes and when she again spoke her voice and manner were decided: "No, we haven't quarreled, but I've concluded we might not be congenial, and I'm going to ask him to release me when he comes this evening."

"Why, Clara Page! Walter Book is one of the finest young men in the city; his family one of the best. He's rising steadily in his profession, too. What has changed you so suddenly? Have you ceased to love him?"

Clara leaned over and rested her elbows on the table between her and her mother. The struggle going on within her was plainly visible in her countenance. "N-o, I can't say I don't care for him," she said, "but I am convinced he will try to dominate me and I would have no identity, separate from his." Her voice trembled as she concluded: "I never knew until yesterday how fatal such a marriage may be."

Mrs. Page's voice had reached a perceptibly higher key when she replied: "Try to dominate you? No identity separate from his? What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, mother, Walter is a Book and I'm a Page. Don't you see I would be enclosed between two boards, as it were, if we should marry. That I wouldn't have a part even in the title!"

"Why, you foolish girl! Where did you get that crazy notion?"

"It isn't a crazy notion, mother. Hundreds of instances could be cited to show that complete absorption by the husband follows such marriages."

"But where did you get that idea? Who has been talking such nonsense in your presence?"

"It isn't nonsense, mother. I was at the suffragist meeting yesterday, when Miss Virgin Hotpace addressed the ladies on the subject of marriage. She cited case after case in which the husband's name was encompassing, and the wife lost her identity and became miserable."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Another of those fool, new-fangled notions about marriage! And you believe that stuff, Clara?"

"No, it's not a new-fangled idea. Leading scientists have been investigating it for years. One of the first cases that attracted attention was the fate of Mary Bloom. She was a talented English lady and she married the Marquis de Nude, and died in a year of a broken heart."

"Who told you that story?"

"Why, Miss Hotpace gave it as an illustration at the meeting yesterday. And the facts came under her personal observation, too."

Mrs. Page looked at her daughter as if, for the moment, she believed her to be insane. A smile of contempt was on her lips when she said:

"Clara, I'm ashamed of you. You have right here at home a refutation of that foolishness, and you should have told the lecturer of it. My maiden name, as you know, was Line, but marriage to your father didn't obliterate me. In fact, it has been an inspiration."

"Yes, I thought of that when Miss Hotpace was talking, but you and father are different. He never tried to lord it over you."

"Who is this Hotpace woman, anyhow?"

"She's a suffragist lecturer. Her face is familiar but I couldn't place her. I couldn't help thinking, though, that I had seen her somewhere. But the lecture wasn't all. After the meeting, some of the ladies cited instances right here at home, and I was surprised I had never thought of them before."

"Instances? What instances?" asked Mrs. Page.

"Well, there was Margaret Tree who married James Pruner. They said her life had been a burden ever since she married and now a divorce is hinted at. Then there was Viola Day. You know she married John Weeks. The ladies said he had dominated her from the very first and the poor thing is simply crushed."

"But suppose in these cases it were true. What could the names have to do with it?"

"Why, everything, mother! It's the suggestion. Margaret was a Tree, James is a Pruner. His name suggests the exercise of arbitrary power. The same is true of John's name. She was a Day and he a Weeks. He was seven times more than she was. It's psychological. His superiority is manifest and he uses it tyrannically."

Mrs. Page was indignant. Her voice was cold and severe when she spoke: "That is utterly foolish! You let a lot of wrinkled old maids and disappointed wives influence you with their foolish theories and you are already miserable."

Clara did not quail under her mother's gaze. She set her lips

as if her mind was made up and she would not be deterred from her purpose. She spoke evenly: "But you must remember, mother, that every soul is crying out for liberty, and a girl can't afford to take chances in so serious a thing as marriage. She must be guided by common sense in that as in everything else."

"But you are not guided by common sense. You are accepting what a lot of crazy people say and your own judgment doesn't approve it."

"Ye-s-s, my judgment does, for I would not have been influenced had I not known some things outside of what they said. I'm not depending entirely on them."

"What do you know outside of what was said at the meeting?"

"Well, you remember Gertrude Small! You know she married Horace Muchmore. She wrote to me regularly for three years and then her letters suddenly stopped. I knew something was wrong, but, of course, I didn't know what it was. I am sure that her marriage was unhappy. Then, there was Jessie Hall who married Doctor House. You ought to see her now! I met her on the street the other day and I hardly knew her, she was so changed."

"What did she say? How did she act to make that impression on you?"

"It's a thing, mother, you can see but you can't describe. But you feel it the moment you are in her presence. It's an indescribable something that's oppressive. I know now it is the loss of her identity. Doctor House has simply killed the spirit of the Hall."

"But don't you know what she said or did to make such an impression?"

"Oh, the surface indications were all right! But I could read her between the lines, and could see she was miserable. Of course, she tried to conceal it by talking about the doctor and about their children, a boy and a girl, but I knew all the time she was trying to conceal some deep-seated sorrow."

Mrs. Page rose and sighed heavily as she stood beside her daughter. For a moment she seemed to be undecided. Then she spoke: "And you will let a foolish thing like that interfere with your marriage? You are going to break off with Walter?"

"Yes, I am. For the present anyway. Josie Bush was at the meeting. She and Will Wood have been engaged for a year, but she feels now just as I do—that he would overshadow her and eventually kill all aspirations for development."

"But why should Will wish to do that? He would be miserable, too."

"No, mother, that isn't always true. Tyranny is a part of man's nature. The desire for iron rule is instinctive, and when his name suggests power and the wife's name suggests weakness or inferiority, he harks back to his savage nature and becomes an oppressor."

Mrs. Page could not conceal her contempt. "If Josie were a Wood and William were a Bush, she'd be the brute, I suppose, would she?"

"Oh, no. Miss Hotpace explained that. She said there is no tyranny in woman. She is sympathetic, yielding, never overbearing or dictatorial. The natures of man and woman are opposite."

"But Walter has never been arrogant or tyrannical."

"No, not as he appeared in the old light. But I can look back now and see where I overlooked symptoms that should have alarmed me. He seems to feel he is a Book and I'm only a Page. As he was leaving last night he said I was so pretty, he almost wished there were other Pages like me."

"But he was only joking! That was just the exuberance of the lover."

"Yes, I thought that, too, at the time, but I see it differently in the new light. Why, it wouldn't be a year till he'd be a whole library, and what would a Page be then?"

"Are you expecting him this evening?"

"Yes, he said he'd be around. He may come any moment, now."

"And you are determined to break off with him?"

"I'm going to talk over the whole matter and ask him to release me."

"I don't believe I'd do that, Clara. I'd wait a few days, anyhow."

"No, mother, I can't do that. Miss Hotpace warned us against delay. She said a girl, who would be true to herself, must speak her mind when once a course was determined on—strike out from the shoulder—as she expressed it."

"Miss Hotpace is single, I suppose."

"Oh, I guess so! She didn't say she was ever married."

"And she impressed you favorably? She seemed contented and happy?"

"Well, there was something about her I couldn't fathom, but I can't say what it was. She has traveled a great deal, though, and has observed men and women closely."

"I'd guess as much, from what you say of her," said the mother.

The attention of Mrs. Page and Clara was attracted by the ringing of the door-bell. A familiar voice sounded in the hall and the door opened and Gertrude Muchmore entered. Clara rushed into her outstretched arms, exclaiming: "Why, Gertrude, where did you come from?"

Mrs. Page put her arm around the visitor. "I'm so glad to see you!" she said. "My, how well you look!"

"Why, you haven't changed a particle!" said Clara.

"Only older, Clara," said Mrs. Muchmore, "but I don't feel it a bit. I was passing through, and got a stopover for an hour just to see you. Horace and I were talking about you and the old days the other night, and he said I must stop and see you. Why did you quit writing to me?"

"Why did you quit writing to me?" laughed Clara.

"Did I? Well, if I did, it must have been because your last letter came when little Gertrude was born, and you know what that means, with an older one to look after, too."

"You have two children, Gertrude?" asked Mrs. Page.

"Yes, and two of the dearest things you ever saw. Oh, but they are a houseful! Horace says he doesn't count any more since the children came, I'm so wrapped up in them; but, of course, that isn't true, though a mother must look after the little ones."

"Why didn't you bring them with you?" asked Clara.

"Oh, I did! But I didn't know whether you were at home and I left them in the taxi till I could find out. You know I want you to see them."

"I'll get them," said Mrs. Page, rising and leaving the room. She returned in a few moments, leading little Margaret by the hand and carrying Gertrude in her arms. Clara sprang to her feet as her mother entered, and took Gertrude from her arms, as she stooped down and kissed Margaret.

"Oh, what a little dear!" she exclaimed, holding Gertrude out in her arms.

"What beautiful children!" said Mrs. Page, looking from Margaret to Gertrude. Then she looked at the mother and from her to Clara. "Doesn't she look well, Clara?" she asked.

"She looks just as young as she did when she married. What's the secret of it, Gertrude?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Muchmore, "a good, kind husband, two nice children already and a nice home, I guess. Everybody tells me I haven't changed and I guess I haven't."

"Why didn't you bring Horace with you?" asked Mrs. Page, taking little Margaret on her lap as she spoke.

"He's too busy. We're going to move into our new home next month, and he's superintending the finishing touches. Our cottage got too small and we're building a larger house."

"Well," said Mrs. Page, "marriage certainly agrees with you, and I know Horace is proud of you and the children."

"Yes, he's foolish over them, but that's what he says about me, too."

"I saw Jessie on the street the other day. Have you seen her lately?" asked Clara.

"Yes, she and the two children spent a week with us in May. The doctor has a large practice and it keeps him going night and day. Jessie is really uneasy about him. She looks younger than I do, though she is two years older. The doctor says she has a dozen irons in the fire all the time, but she goes about the house whistling and singing like a child. She is wrapped up in her home, and happiness just oozes out of her, she's so full of it." Mrs. Muchmore looked at Margaret, who was sitting on Mrs. Page's lap. Her mouth was close to Mrs.

Page's ear and she was whispering something. Mrs. Page looked up and smiled.

"Yes, dear," she said, "you shall have all you want. We baked some this morning."

"Now, Margaret," said her mother, "I told you positively not to ask for anything to eat. We have a whole suitcase full at the station, Mrs. Page."

"Never mind, Gertrude," Mrs. Page replied as she rose from her chair, "I want the children to have some of my cookies, and they must take some home with them."

"Oh, I guess they're all alike," said the mother. "Just a lot of little beggars till they grow up."

Mrs. Page left the room, and as she returned Gertrude slipped down from Clara's lap and held out her hand. Mrs. Page gave her a cookie and she climbed back on Clara's lap.

"I was telling you about Jessie," said Mrs. Muchmore. "When the doctor came for her and the children, he told me of her experience with Miss Virgin Hotpace. Jessie went to hear her and recognized her as Minnie Clark. You remember her. The family lived on West Walnut street, beyond the tracks. She failed twice in high school, you remember, and didn't come back after that?"

"Oh, is that who she is?" asked Clara.

"Yes, that's the Miss Virgin Hotpace who's lecturing now. She sailed out on the platform and began giving advice about marriage and the significance of names, and so on. Jessie was seated near the stage and she got up and asked Miss Hotpace how often she had been married. She didn't answer, and Jessie asked her if she hadn't had three husbands and if all of them hadn't sued for divorce. The audience was thunderstruck. Minnie muttered something about interruptions of her lecture and stumbled through the balance of it, and left the town without staying for the reception."

"I heard her lecture and I thought I had seen her somewhere, but I couldn't recall exactly where I had met her," said Clara.

"Well, that's who she is," continued Mrs. Muchmore, "but the funny thing was that Jessie went to the reception and was called on to speak. She ridiculed the idea of husband domination and said she had given the doctor two little Houses and, instead of absorbing her, she and the children had about absorbed him." She looked at her watch. "But I must go. I don't want to miss my train."

"Don't go, Gertrude," protested Clara and Mrs. Page. "Stay all night."

"I do wish I could, but my ticket provides only for a stopover between trains. You come and see us, Clara. We've got the nicest home and lots and lots of nice friends. I know you'd enjoy a visit with us. Horace is just as nice as he ever was, and you know what he was when we married." She turned towards the door as she spoke, but stopped and looked inquiringly at Clara.

"Oh," she said, "I forgot to ask you. How's Walter Book and Julia Tome getting along?" Clara was visibly startled by the question, but her voice was calm when she replied:

"Indeed, I don't know. I never hear him speak of her."

"The Tomes live next door to us. When Julia came home from her visit here last Summer, she was simply wild about Walter. She couldn't talk about anything else. I told her, of course, what a nice boy Walter was in school and what a fine family the Books are, but she stopped talking about him all at once, and I guess nothing came of it. But I really must go! Hurry on, Margaret. You can eat your cookies on the train."

Clara accompanied Gertrude to the taxi at the curb, carrying little Gertrude in her arms, and when she returned she took a pocket dictionary from the center table and opened it excitedly. Finding the letter for which she was looking, she ran her finger down the list of words.

"Tome," she read aloud, "A large book, a weighty volume." She looked up from the dictionary and added, musingly: "That would never do! She'd overshadow Walter and he'd be miserable." She shook her head as she closed the dictionary and replaced it on the table. Mrs. Page returned from the taxi and was followed into the room by Mr. Page.

"Would you believe it, William?" asked Mrs. Page, addressing her husband. "Clara has a foolish notion that Walter will try to dominate her, and is thinking of breaking the engagement."

"I don't want to be dominated, father, by any man. I want to live my own life as a married woman, just as I live it as a girl."

"Are you living your own life now?" asked Mr. Page very quietly.

"Why, certainly, I am. Nobody could be freer than I am now. I do just as I please."

"But is doing as you please living your own life?"

"I don't know what else you'd call it."

"Well, I never heard of but one person doing it, and he quit as soon as he could get someone to live with."

"Who was that?" she asked with evident interest.

"Robinson Crusoe," smiled Mr. Page. Then he added, seriously: "Whenever you cultivate social relations, you live the lives of those with whom you associate, and they live yours. Whenever you incur obligations or place others under obligations to you, you live their lives and they live yours."

"But what I mean," protested Clara, "is that I don't want to be dominated."

"But that depends on what you call domination. Man recognizes woman today as his intellectual equal and his moral superior, and he makes her a companion, advisor and friend. In the marriage relation the obligation of the wife to live the life of the husband and

of the husband to live the life of the wife can admit of no exceptions if they would live happily, for there is no such thing in this world as living one's own life, if one associates with other people; and the closer the relation the more impossible such a thing becomes. Our social, political, religious and business relations are a bar to it, if we follow the path of duty and, if we deviate from that, we can not promise ourselves the respect and confidence of others nor have respect for or confidence in ourselves."

"But you do as you please, and mother does as she pleases," argued Clara.

"Yes, but I must first know that what I do will not displease your mother, and she must know that what she does will not displease me. We do not sit down and argue this out before taking the step, for we have established a standard of living, one which we know brings us contentment, and we conform to it day by day. We live each other's lives without friction, because we adhere to a common standard and neither will do that of which the other would not approve."

"Of course, I know that is true of you and mother, but it depends after all on what kind of a man a girl marries," said Clara.

"Not more than on the kind of girl the man marries," said the father. "Men are very much alike the world over and women are pretty good counterparts of one another wherever you find them. They respond equally to kind treatment, to confidences reposed, and to affection lavished upon them, in word and deed, and the happiness of the married state is not more dependent upon one than upon the other."

The doorbell rang and Mrs. Page entered with Walter Book. He shook hands with Mr. Page and Clara, cordially, and laughed as he looked at Clara and said: "Have you heard about Josie Bush's elopement?"

"Josie's elopement? With Will?" asked Clara.

"No, she broke off with him and eloped with George Naught."

"George Naught!" exclaimed Clara.

"Not George Naught, Walter?" asked Mr. Page in surprise.

"Well, well!" said Clara. "I didn't know he was going with her."

"Nobody else, it seems," said Walter. "But she ran away with him last night. Mrs. Bush became hysterical when she found it out and Mr. Bush was furious."

"I don't blame him," said Mr. Page, "for there isn't a more shiftless young man in the city."

"Will takes it all right, but what mystifies him is the reason she gives for throwing him over," laughed Walter.

"She told him, did she?"

"She wrote him a letter and he got it by the mail this morning. She said, he being a Wood and she only a Bush, she feared he'd overshadow her."

"Well," said Mrs. Page, "she need have no fears that George Naught will overshadow her."

"I'd say not," laughed Walter, "for he's about as near a cipher as she could ever be."

"Josie married to George Naught! I can hardly realize it," mused Clara.

"It is inconceivable," said Walter, "but I guess it's a fact."

Mrs. Page rose and turned to leave the room and had her hand on the doorknob when Clara called to her.

"Mother, won't you get that sample off the table in your room? I want Walter to see what a pretty wedding gown I've selected." She turned to Walter. "I want you to pass judgment on it, but I know you'll think it pretty," she said.

"Why, of course I will, if you think so," he laughed.

"And we want you and the attendants to take dinner with us Wednesday evening, and we'll have a rehearsal afterwards."

"You want me to catch the time of the wedding march, do you?"

"Yes, for we'll have to keep step together, you know." She looked up into his face and laughed.

"And keep off of each other's toes, of course." He met her laugh with a smile, as Mrs. Page re-entered and handed him a large sample of goods. He took it and looked at it as Clara watched him. Mr. and Mrs. Page smiled and left them alone.

Indianapolis, Ind.

A Christmas Wish

Oh, to have dwelt in the city
Of Bethlehem long, long ago;
Oh, to have greeted those strangers
Who came with steps weary and slow.

Oh, to have been near to Mary,
Her every wish to attend;
Oh, to have whispered sweet comfort,
When she was in need of a friend.

Oh, to have held my own Savior,
A babe in the manger he lay;
Oh, to have shown him devotion
Which thrills me on his natal day.

But ah, these are all vain desires,
Such glories were ne'er meant for me;
Around me are other worn pilgrims;
I'll help them God's own light to see.

There are mothers whose lives may be brightened,
And little ones still needing aid.
Yes; to serve all mankind brings rich blessings,
For them was Christ's sacrifice made.

Raymond, Alta, Canada

HELEN KIMBALL ORGILL.



Photo W. B. Hawkins

The Dipper Bird, or the Water Ouzel, sitting on a rock in the middle of the stream just before taking a dip in the clear, cold water in search of food.

THE WATER OUZEL

The Bird That Has Conquered Land, Air and Water

BY GEORGE BERGSTROM, BOY SCOUT FIELD EXECUTIVE

It was simply thrilling! That was the expression of every one.

The object of our admiration was the little western bird so unique in plumage, actions and habits, *The Dipper Bird* or the *Water Ouzel* (*Cinclas Mexicanus unicolor*). This bird is six to seven inches long, has a slender, compressed bill, short, stiff, rounded wings and a short tail. Its color is a rather uniform slate-gray. The yellow feet and white eyelids, which show white when the bird winks, are the only relief from its somber color.

Its habitat is near the source of the clear, cold, mountain streams of our western states that are fed by the perpetual snows of our eternal peaks. Here the Ouzel flies from rock to rock, teetering or dipping up and down. Suddenly it slips into the ice-cold, foaming water and disappears, to reappear shortly with its beak full of food for its young. It does not skim over the surface nor feed in the stagnant pools but actually dives into the deepest and swiftest current oftentimes against the force of the water, using its wings to propel itself near the bottom.

We had stopped to admire a beautiful waterfall twelve to fifteen

feet high that tumbled over a rocky ledge of travertine into a deep pool of clear water surrounded by perpendicular rocks which were covered with moss and lichens and overhanging dogwood. Suddenly there was a noisy squeal of young birds above the roar of the cataract, but it was not until some minutes later, when the mother bird came again to feed her offspring, that we caught the flash of her bullet-like flight. We sat as if we had been turned to stone for in the next five minutes the young birds were fed five times, and in the twenty minutes that followed, sixteen times. It seemed a continuous performance for the parent birds never tarried but continued to fly back and forth,

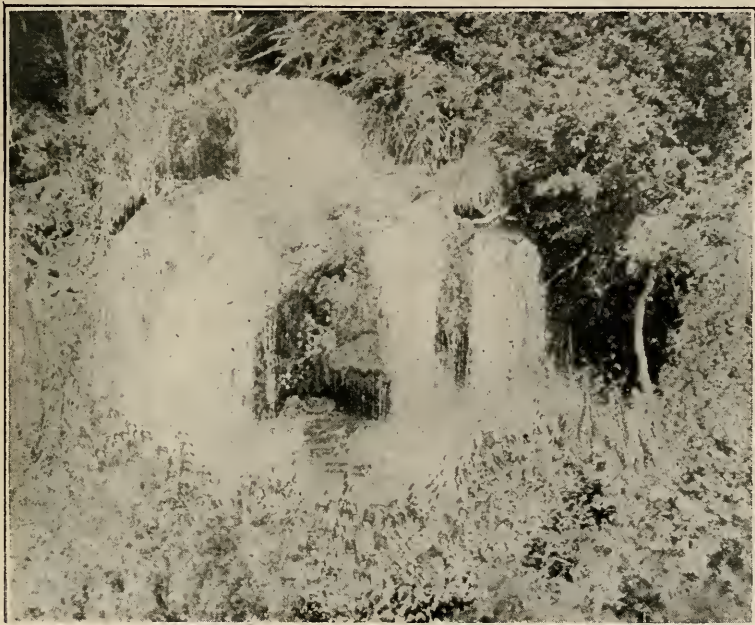


Photo by Author

More than a score of tumbling cataracts like the above in a half mile of a mountain stream located within the confines of Camp Kiesel, Ogden's Boy Scout Camp, make it an ideal location for the Winter and Summer abiding place of the wonderful and interesting little western bird, the Water Ouzel.

always bringing their beaks full of food, either caddis or mayflies or other water insects.

To us it was marvelous. It did not seem possible that under that torrent of water there could be a nest, although we had surmised there would be a vacant place under the falls. It would be a real task to find out, and an adventure we did not want to miss. After talking the matter over at some length we decided that we must see the nest at all hazards and set the following morning as the most appropriate time for the thrill.

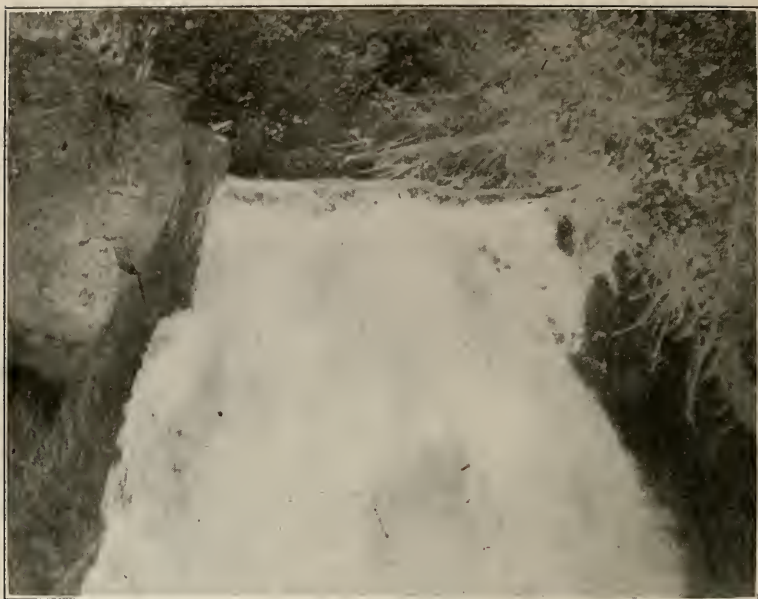


Photo by the Author.

One of the characteristic poses of the Water Ouzel above the falls that concealed and protected its home. Here in the faint light of the breaking day could be heard its clear, vivacious melody, distinct and in perfect harmony with the rushing mountain stream.

It was a little past daylight the following morning when we parted the bushes forty feet below the fall, for another peek. Above the roar of the cataract we heard the most beautiful song of clear, vivacious notes, a melody that would rival that of the Meadowlark, the cadence being in harmony with the song of the stream. Again and again we heard the exquisite song and sat enthralled while the music rose and fell to the tune of the dashing current.

The Dipper sat teetering up and down on a half-submerged rock plainly visible below the falls. Again we heard its song and saw it fly to another rock in the middle of the stream. There it dipped once or twice and then deliberately dived into the clear, cold water and disappeared. It remained hidden for several seconds; then we caught a glimpse of this intrepid creature using its wings to propel itself against the current. It rose straight out of the water and flew directly to the nest back of the falls.

It was an opportune moment. The time had come. We slid down the steep embankment to the edge of the stream and started to make our way upward. After wading, splashing and fighting against the current, getting drenched by the dashing spray of the falls, we entered the domain of the Water Ouzel beyond the falls; and

there, sure enough, about six feet from us, was the nest. Such a sight! It thrilled us through and through. It was worth the effort, time and again, for it is only once in a lifetime that man gets the thrill that we got that morning.

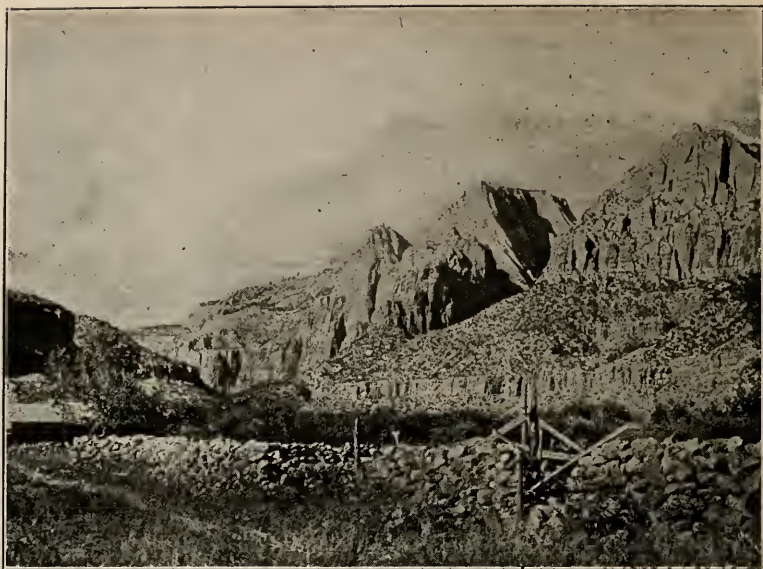
Fastened on a small ledge or shelf back of the roaring cascade was the most beautiful, artistic, classic, wild home we had ever seen. We could not but gush over its fine architecture, its graceful symmetry and perfect lines, blending so harmoniously with its surroundings. On casual observation it appeared to be just a large, green ball, but as our eyes became accustomed to the dim light we saw it had an opening on one side. It was constructed of living, growing moss, roomy and dry on the inside, yet placed within two feet of the dashing spray, watered and kept green by it. It was like a rare piece of art created by a master hand. It was like a delicate bric-a-brac, an object of curiosity or something just to use for a decoration, yet we knew it was built substantially.

Crowding ourselves back against the dark roots and rocks we waited. We saw the dark object of the mother bird enter through the mist of the falls and alight on the edge of the nest. Her beak was full of food. Immediately there was a noisy squeal of the young birds and four hungry mouths were thrust upward, nearly crowding the mother from her perch. She divided the food among them, remaining just long enough to fill their gaping beaks, then she left.

We approached quite close to the nest. One of the young, well fledged Water Ouzels fluttered from the opening of the nest, flew through the edge of the misty spray and down into the clear pool below the falls where it immediately dived and swam for several feet under the surface of the water. As it came out of the water it used its stubby wings to propel itself. The quick, sharp strokes enabled it to ride on the surface of the ripples and it disappeared down the stream. A few moments later another until the nest was empty, each one took its initial dip into the foaming spray of the mountain stream. We were just simply thrilled, for we had made a great discovery, we had seen, as it were, the hand of the great Creator himself.

Several days later we again visited the falls, the old nest had been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and was still being used. As we traveled down stream we heard the clear melody of this wonderful bird that takes its all from the three elements: air, land and water.

Ogden, Utah



THE PICTURE WITH A STORY

The broken stile, the deserted path, and the empty house. See *August Era*, pp. 963, 992.

WINNING POEMS IN THE CONTEST

I—Fond Recollections

The old man stood beside the dreary cabin;
 The sunset touched his bent, gray head with light;
 His feeble step and dim, blue eye proclaimed him
 Some sad, lone specter of the coming night.
 He watched the shadows fall upon the pathway,
 The sunset tint the purple hills with gold;
 From o'er the old, stone wall a wondrous glory
 Of crimson lights the cabin, drear and old.
 While gazing on the sadness of the picture,
 The log house with its empty, cheerless walls,
 He sees again his old home in the sunset;
 From out the long ago a mem'ry calls.

He seems to see the cabin, newly furnished,
 And filled with wondrous joy, and hope, and love,
 The trusting, happy wife, his dearest treasure,
 A gift of love to him from God above.
 The morning comes, and forthwith from the cabin
 They start, the laden basket held between:
 They reach the stile, and there, with sweet endearments,
 He leaves her, fondly waving, on the green.

So pass their early days in this dear cabin,
 Until at length their fondest prayers are heard;
 One morn a little babe, all love and sunshine,
 Enriched their happy lives and made the third.
 And soon with childish patter down the pathway
 A baby runs to greet her daddy dear,
 While close behind her comes his love—her mother.
 He stops his sad, sweet thoughts to drop a tear!

Again he sees the beauteous, golden sunrise
 That lit the fatal morning long ago,
 When with a happy heart he left his loved ones.
 Who faced alone that awful, deadly blow.
 A swollen stream—a baby's frightened screaming—
 A current, fierce, and then—alas! 'twas o'er.
 Back to her home the lonely, stricken mother
 Bears their dear child, asleep to wake no more.

And even now he sees again with terror
 The deadly fever fasten on his wife;
 She cries for babe still in her wild delirium.
 And then, her arms about him, leaves this life.
 An outcast, then, he leaves the lonely cabin;
 Heartbroken now, he wanders o'er the West.
 His heart lies buried even where he's standing,
 But bitterness has left; his heart's at rest.

For now he knows that, though a glorious Wisdom
 Has deemed it best for him to be alone;
 Yet, somewhere now his loved ones wait to greet him,
 With outstretched arms, to take him to that home
 Where lives his God—the God who for some purpose
 Has taken them so soon unto their rest;
 And there with wife and baby he will mingle,
 And with eternal comfort will be blessed.

Springville, Utah.

JOSEPHINE MOWER.

II—Desire

Oh, little Brown Cottage of dreams that were sweet,
 Where I came long ago with my bride,
 Down the path from the stile, on winged, jubilant feet,
 'Neath thy sheltering roof to abide.
 And in all the wide world, over hillside or sea,
 There was never a couple more happy than we.

Oh, little White Path, by our glad footsteps worn,
 Down the walk to that old-fashioned stile,
 Where my sweetheart would walk with me always at morn,
 For one more parting kiss and a smile.
 And time brought the cadence of dear baby feet,
 Till all the bright promise of dreams seemed complete.

Oh, little Gray Mounds, on the neighboring hill,
 Where Time constant vigils shall keep,
 Through the long Summer heat and Winter's dull chill,
 While my cherished ones silently sleep;
 And I journey, heart-closed and dream-broken, the while,
 Like the Brown Cottage there, and the crumbling stile.

* * * * *

Oh, path of our dreams, ling'ring on through the years,
 With weeds overgrown, and dim-visioned by tears!
 Once more from yon silent, brown Cottage I'd go
 To the mounds on the hill that are beckoning so;
 Once more, from the top of Life's crumbling stile,
 Seek my Sweatheart's caress and my Little One's smile,
 And the boon of Eternity.

St. George, Utah.

MABEL JARVIS.

III—The Pioneer Heart

The years have scored since faithful men
 Were forced from Eastern lands;
 They came out West in search of peace,
 And worked in valiant bands.
 'Twas one of these who chose to live
 Near by a mountain tall,
 And there he built a cottage rare,
 Besides, a stony wall.

His helping mate was young and fair,
 With yielding soul and heart;
 And always, when he went away,
 Caressed and loved they'd part;
 Through charming scenes about the place
 Wherein they chose to live,
 Their souls were held attuned with God,
 And pledged themselves to give.

In later moons a path was marked
 By tiny little feet;
 A baby boy was born to them,
 Their joy was more complete.
 While standing on the stony wall,
 And holding to the stile,
 They waved goodbye to daddy dear,
 And watched him for a mile.

One night the sun was sinking low
 When daddy came from work;
 The smiling faces met him not;
 The path was barren dirt!
 To his alarm he found them dead!
 Who did this awful deed?
 He found the babe in Mother's arms!
 Oh, how his heart did bleed.

The broken stile, deserted house,
 The path now faint and dim,
 Where loved ones lived in beauty rare,
 Were now abhorred by him!
 The wild Redman who did the deed
 Is not alone to blame,
 For wicked men did wrong to him,
 And caused the unjust claim.

The sturdy man who stood the test
 Was faithful all the way;
 And, though his heart was shrunk with pain,
 To God he thus would pray:
 "Exalt my soul; forgive the man
 Who hastened on the life
 Of those I hope to meet again,
 My cherished babe and wife."

Mink Creek, Idaho.

CHRISTEN HANSEN.

IV—As a Day Comes and Goes

The chipmunks play on the broken stile,
 With scamper and chatter and squeak;
 They frighten the mourning dove off her nest,
 With their games of hide and seek;
 Till even' falls with a western glow
 Of red from the sinking sun,
 And out from the vacant, old, stone house
 The bats fly, one—by—one.

Then do the ghosts of memories
 Drift out from the vanished years,
 Like floating bits of driftwood
 In some dismal sea of tears;
 Till out from the empty soul of time
 Their consorts wane, and pall,
 Stalk out into the stillness,
 And sit on the old stone wall.

Living in silence the hours through
 That once had been, but now
 Are only a part of the ocean
 That wrestles their wave-worn scow;
 Wishing that past were present,
 Until a streak of gray
 Casts a shroud on their temple
 And frightens their hosts away.

* * * * *

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 The bats fly, one—by—one.

Salt Lake City.

OWEN WOODRUFF BUNKER.

DIAMOND JUBILEE AND HOME-COMING*

BY WILLIAM A. C. BRYAN, A NEPHI, UTAH, PIONEER

Friends and fellow citizens:—Your committee has kindly afforded me the opportunity to occupy 15 or 20 minutes of your time this morning by an endeavor to tell you a little about the early days of our beloved city of Nephi.

It is common knowledge that Joseph L. Heywood, of Salt Lake City, visited this locality in the Summer of 1851, and, being pleased with it, obtained permission of President Brigham Young to organize a company of Latter-day Saints and proceed to settle here.

It was then called Salt Creek, for the reason that many people said they could taste salt in the water. While the creek has retained its original name, the name of the locality was changed to Nephi.

It may be of interest to you to know that there daily flows into the waters of Salt Creek, from Salt Springs, located not more than twelve miles from this spot, more than thirty tons of the best salt in the world.

Upon being permitted to organize a colony at "Salt Creek," Mr. Heywood began his propaganda and before the last of November of that year, seventeen families, numbering 76 persons, 17 of whom were adults, and 59 younger people, in 17 covered wagons, had camped upon the banks of this stream, we call Salt Creek. It is still carried by its original channel from its sources in the great mountains to the east, to the eastern border of our city, where part of it is taken out in canals and distributed over the city—and the greater portion of it continues in its old-time course through the city, passing under Main street and the Venice Theater, and on the west under the railroad tracks at the western border of the city, where it is diverted and distributed over our fields.

The channel in the creek through the city at that time, was from 15 to 30 feet deep, and its banks, where they were not perpendicular, were often used by school children and young people for down-hill sliding on boards, sleds and home-made skates. We had great times, and I worked so hard in dragging the boards and sleds up the banks for the girls to slide down on, and trying to jump next to my best girl on the board or sled before it darted away, that I became an expert stepper, and I am still in practice.

At that time the stream was small, and considered only sufficient to supply the settlers then present.

My revered father and mother, Charles H. and Maranda C. Bryan, with their son, John H. Bryan, settled in Salt Lake City in 1848.

*Speech delivered Sept. 17, 1926, at the Nephi Diamond Jubilee and Home-Coming, Sept. 15-17, 1926.



Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson.
Nephi, Utah, Diamond Jubilee and Home-Coming, September 15-17, 1926. President Heber J. Grant, Elder Orson F. Whitney,
and Elder Andrew Jensen, among a noble company of Nephi Pioneers.

There my brother, Charles Hinckle Bryan, and I were born, and, in the Autumn of 1851, my parents and the family moved to and became pioneer settlers on this blessed spot, where I have ever since been making tracks.

I addressed you at our pioneer jubilee 25 years ago, and I expect to address you, if you will permit it, in 25 years from this date, at our centennial celebration.

I have often had people ask me if I did not wish that Providence had willed me to be born in this "modern day of education, push and opportunity," instead of being born out in this, then inopportune, silent desert; and I have as often replied, No—not for all the gold of the world would I have transferred the date or place of my coming. It was exactly right—time, place and opportunity—out in this great, wonderful storehouse of nature, with its doors closed. It is true that its treasures were hidden within the vaults of the mystic—but what an entrancement it has been in searching for and discovering the combinations by which those mysterious vaults could be opened by inquisitive minds, searching eyes and busy hands. And what super-thrills have come to us as we have handled the uncovered coins we have searched for, worked for and have found. We learn by *doing* things—not by having things done for us. We learn to appreciate by need—not by plenty, and we appreciate most the things which come to us at the price of effort.

We were here with very little, and many things we needed could not be purchased—they were not here—they must be acquired by aggressive effort; and, therefore, everything acquired seemed a luxury. We had full appreciation of the crop yields, which seemed to come to save us from starving—of the twine and rope we could make from flax growing wild upon the bench lands—of the candles we made from beef and mutton tallow—of the clothes our mothers made from the fleeces of our sheep—of the shoes made from cow hides to cover our bare feet—of the sweets manufactured at our firesides out of the juices of beets, parsnips, carrots, wheat, corn-stalks and water-melons—of the buttons made from cow horns, and crochet-hooks filed out of bones—and we were joyous in the comradeship we had in banding together for the protection and comfort of all.

Those earnest pioneers had followed the inspiration of their day to search for isolation from mobocracy, for peaceful hearth, home and freedom. They were here upon the banks of this water stream fed by the sun-dissolved snow banks packed in the capacious ravines, and beneath the mighty cliffs of our grand old Mount Nebo—here in this beautiful valley, carpeted by blue grass from north to south and from east to west—and looked up to these mighty sentinels of time, these castellated cliffs of red towering in the east and southeast, and up to the ponderous monument, Mount Nebo, capped in white to the northeast, sending out its arms to clasp hands over our little stream of silver with its red-cliffed neighbor on the south—there seemed ever-

lasting protection. They shook hands with their destiny—planted their feet to stay, commenced work, having divine faith in the hand that had so far beckoned them onward—and then seemed at rest, and in the spirit which made this piece of earth seem to them *home*.

I was only two and one-half years old when our city had its birth, but notwithstanding my youth, those early days were distinct and impressive—they became a part of my soul and I imbibed them into my nature as they passed—and my good parents trained my mind to frontierism and duty in this great, outdoor, pioneer country. Here the young folks, as well as the old folks, bumped stern realities every day, with no jazz, moon-shine or picture shows for diversion. We young folks walked out into the trenches when we were not as tall as the guns we carried and took our part with the men in whatever happened to be going on at the front.

It has been stated that Timothy B. Foote, of the pioneer colony, built the first house in Nephi. I was too young, in 1851, to notice whose house was first finished. All of the colonists were building with all their might during October and November of that year, and while we are glad to give to Mr. Foote the honor of first having the fire sparkling over his hearthstone, we must award to each of the other 16 heads of families a medal of honor for being only a few short days in his wake.

Mount Pleasant, in early days called Pleasant Creek, in Sanpete county, was settled prior to 1851. There was a saw mill then being operated there by one Mat. Hamilton, and from this saw mill was obtained all of the lumber that was used in building the first houses in Nephi, but in order to reach that saw mill it was necessary for a road to be made through Salt Creek canyon, which was then in its native wilderness state of deep washes, timber, brush and boulders, and besides clearing away the timber, brush and boulders, it required several dugways to be made, and the building of seven bridges across Salt Creek. So you who are eulogistic of this modern age of jazz and rush will kindly observe that the little colony of pioneers who rounded up their wagons and camped here 75 years ago and laid the foundations of this beautiful, prosperous, healthful city, were men and women, boys and girls who had *home in their hearts*, and were vibrating with energy, and had the ability to do and accomplish wonderful things on short notice.

Many times during my childhood, mother told me of the first night father was away at the saw mill to obtain lumber. It was dark, and after putting the supper dishes away in their wagon-box house, she and my brother, John, who was then 17, were warming themselves by the campfire when four stalwart Indians, decorated in war paints strode up and gruffly demanded, by signs, something to eat. John said, "Mother, get them something to eat while I go into the wagon-box and keep a bead on them, and if they offer you any harm, neither of them will ever be able to tell about it."

They rudely ordered mother about and ate until they could eat no more, and they made solicitous signs toward the wagon-box, by motions to have John come out, but mother shook her head and kept offering them more to eat, while John, with his hunting knife handy in his belt, and his guns ready, with his finger on the trigger ready for the Indian who would lay his hand on mother.

The ugly painted creatures sat by the embers, talking in guttural tones, each seeming to be daring the others to proceed—but the wagon-box, with cover closed, just a peephole to look out of, appeared dangerous, and about midnight they straightened themselves to full stature, gave a murderous warwhoop, kicked the firebrands about, and strode off like black specters vanishing into hell.

In a moment John raised the wagon cover and mother stepped inside, while he put himself on guard in a position near by, where moccasined feet would be on their way to the "happy hunting grounds," should they with evil design return that way.

With their ox teams it required nearly ten days of time to go to the saw mill, get out the logs, have them sawed into lumber and return to Nephi.

The nearest grist-mill was at Provo, and to take their grist to Provo, wait to have it ground and return to Nephi required nearly a week.

In the Spring of 1852, the colonists planted every seed they could spare, and the yield at harvest time was good, notwithstanding there was not a drop of rain until after harvest. Salt Creek was very low that year and all of its water was required to irrigate the small area then under cultivation.

The first school house, which was also used for religious and other public meetings, was built of logs in the Summer of 1852. It was about 18 by 20 feet square—one room, with two windows, one in the east and one in the south, and a door in the west. It stood on the east side of main street, opposite the site of this tabernacle. Its roof consisted of log stringers covered with willows, on top of which was a layer of wild hay, and then about a foot of clay. Between the logs were wood chinks held in place by wedges, and filled in by mud. It was a very comfortable place.

Sister Amy Bigler was called upon as school teacher, and every child that could walk out of its door yard was put in her care, to keep an eye open to teach us what she could, and to see that we were not kidnaped by the Indians. I had a lot of tender "tannings" by sister Bigler, and a lot more and heavier "tannings" from our next teacher, George Spencer, who was a tall, lank man with a military air for promptness and discipline—but on account of my youth and my disposition to do and say things out of order I was turned over to his wife, Sister Spencer, who was a nice little blonde, with the heart of an angel and the mind and fingers of an artist. She taught us about flowers and birds and painting, and showed us how to extract the

color from plants to paint with, and how to make paint brushes from feathers and hair; and she painted her angelic picture into our hearts where she will live forever.

Then came Brother Andrew Love, whose ability to teach was only surpassed by his acrobatic agility to catch and trounce the fellow who even thought he could not, or would not learn and obey. But while he made what he considered the necessary impressions upon our bodies, he left well impressed, long columns of dictionary, history, penmanship, figures and language in our minds, and we are carrying him in our hearts, too. After them came Amos Gustin, Jonathan Midgley, Albert G. Fellows, and Thomas Ord, all good, worthy teachers, with the disposition to tan, when tanning seemed necessary.

Z. H. Baxter, of the pioneers, has the distinction of planting the first fruit trees in our town. He settled upon the lot opposite where the Bonneville Lumber yard is now located, two blocks west from our County Court House. He obtained some seedling apple trees from Mr. Hemmenway, a nurseryman at Salt Lake City, in the Spring of 1852, and planted them out on this lot. They made good growth until the year 1855 when the grass-hoppers trimmed them of leaves and bark down to the ground. In the Spring of 1856 the trees looked so bad that Mr. Baxter transplanted the most of them, and gave the discarded ones to David Cazier, who transplanted them on his lot on the north bank of Salt Creek, one block east and half a block south of this tabernacle, and from them Mr. Cazier picked the first apples grown at Nephi.

In the Fall of 1851, my father, C. H. Bryan, planted a few peach stones on his lot, across the street north and two blocks east of our Court House. They came up and made thrifty growth, but were "winter killed" down to the ground several years, and then started with living wood higher up each year, until about the year 1858 or 1860, when father picked the first peaches grown in Nephi, they were the color of, and almost as large as oranges, and after that we had no trouble in raising peaches.

My time is up, and I conclude by saying:

All people who make new discovery are pioneers.

All people who first appropriate anything to use are pioneers.

Seventy-six people, I being one of them, came to Nephi in September, 1851; the land was then vacant, and the little stream of water unused, and we appropriated what we could of the land, and began using all of the water, and we are therefore called pioneers.

We are glad to have been guided to this nice place on the bosom of mother earth. We have prospered and are prospering, and we have learned to love this cozy spot as our earthly abode.

Since we opened the door, a lot of good people have joined us—our own children, gifts from God, and other good people from all over the world. And new things have been discovered and brought into use by them, and they have become pioneers also. They are enjoying

the result of our efforts, and we are enjoying the brand-new things they have brought to us—we are even—we will dance on the carpet together.

And now, on the eve of our Diamond Jubilee, after our feasting and merriment, let us be impressed by the lessons of the past—that we have worked and achieved together—and tomorrow, we must begin anew to delve into, and gather out of nature her undiscovered and unspun strands of wealth, and weave and make out of them all of the wonderful things we would like to have and use—for I am sure that the conceptions of our minds are true visionary lights from the shores where the things aspired to rest in nature's lap for our plucking.

I compliment and eulogize the people of Nephi, and Juab county, upon the splendid result of their cooperative work in establishing the Fair Grounds, at the western border of our city. Only the railway tracks separate it from my home property, and I love to hear the patter of the horses' feet upon the race track, and the yell of the boys upon their play grounds.

The fair and the parade were true dreamland productions; the pioneers with their old time accoutrements and implements in the lead of the parade, and the modern climax of mercantile, mechanical, industrial, scientific and agricultural float exhibitions, with the fine boys and girls, with laugh on their lips, and go in their eyes, pushing at the rear, it made me feel like sliding down the rainbow.

Good day, boys and girls; call and see me.

Nephi, Utah.

Gray Days

Cold, gray clouds, white-hooded hills!
Pale mists that creep and cling
Along the lake and in the woods
Where birds were wont to sing.

The naked trees are still and stark,
Their bare heads yet held high,
Their lifted arms reach empty out
Toward a leaden sky.

The wind is still, but a breath that's chill
Hangs low, and seems to rest
Where brown leaves lie like crumbling bones
Upon the earth's cold breast.

The early night, with gentle hands,
Soft robes and hides all scars;
And, in the waiting silence deep,
She lights the evening stars.

Sunnyside, Utah

FLOY L. TURNER

RAY REED'S ESCAPE

BY DOUGLAS BRIAN

As Ray Reed walked hurriedly along the streets of the village at midnight he had a strange feeling of unrest. Twice he was quite sure he had seen the brim of a large hat slip out of sight as he glanced at a corner.

The little town of Johnsville was only three miles north of the Mexican border and large hats that flitted out of sight at a glance were not reassuring to a boy of sixteen.

A few weeks before, a rumor of a revolution had casued a double guard to be put around the small state arsenal at Johnsville. The revolution having failed to materialize, at the time expected, the guard was gradually removed until one lone man remained to report any irregularities.

As Ray rounded a corner he suddenly came face to face with a squat, burly Mexican. The Mexican stopped short, and then, with head down, walked past and hurried away.

The public houses were closed for the night, the streets were deserted. Ray sensed trouble.

Feeling that he could take a course which would be comparatively safe he decided to warn the guard at the arsenal. So, circling for several blocks, he presently came to a thick row of trees opposite the entrance to the large building where were stored rifles and supplies for the state militia. A dim light glowed from the front office and all seemed quiet.

He stepped quickly across the street and as quickly into the office. For a scant five seconds he stood motionless. On the floor lay the guard heavily bound. Reclining at ease around the room were at least ten Mexicans whom he recognized as followers of one Pedro, outlaw, rebel leader and all-round bad man. Seeing these things at a glance, he turned with the hope of escape only to meet Pedro himself standing squarely in the doorway.

"So, you are here—and I am here—eet ees good I watch you." Pedro spoke with a snap to his words which bespoke authority. At a few short words in Spanish the men silently filed out into the darkness. Pedro turned to Ray. "Well, hombre, eet break my heart to keep you from mama but war ees beesness—make snap."

As Ray stepped outside two large, gaunt hounds came sniffing at his shoes. One of the men, tugging at their chains, dragged them away and around the building. Ray remembered having seen them at the house of a federal officer living at Johnsville. The old fox, Pedro, had stolen them to avoid the chance of being followed.

The night having afforded not the slightest chance for escape, dawn found Ray, with hands tied, being dragged down from a heavily

loaded wagon at a Mexican rebel camp some twelve miles below the border.

"Well, hombre," said Pedro, "first it is to feed ze dogs." And he calmly untied Ray's hands.

During the next week, spent in a heavily guarded camp, Ray learned that his plight was indeed serious. In a newspaper which was brought from the border he read of the raid on the arsenal and learned that the United States authorities would await action by the Mexican government. That meant after the revolution was over. Mention was made of the theft of Jeff and Jerry, the marshal's blood hounds. In another part of the paper he read an account of the disappearance of Ray Reed, and an editorial note commenting on the ingratitude of boys who run away from home, without leaving a word as to their whereabouts. So, he was in the hands of Mexicans who were little short of bandits and cut-throats. They had the disconcerting knowledge that they could do with him as they chose, since not one of his people knew he was there.

For three more long days Ray watched for the chance to escape, spending his time with the dogs and doing such work as he was forced to do.

On the morning of the eleventh day of his captivity he arose to find the camp in great disorder. Horses and men were hurrying to and fro. A great clearing was being made at the side of the camp. The camp was doubly guarded. New faces appeared, under guard. Ray heard fragments of a story of the capture of a scouting party and of plans for their immediate execution.

"Well!" Ray started violently. "You have feed ze dogs splendid for two week. Mebbe you like feed 'im some more—or mebbe not. If a wise robber steal something, he will bury ze goods before caught. I am one wise robber. Eet 'ees possible I am caught tomorrow so I bury ze goods tonight. For now, you can make snap to clear brush."

Ray gave the dogs a final pat and walked toward the clearing. It was sometime before he was fully awake to the fact that he himself was the *goods*. As the thought finally took definite form in his mind he became stricken with panic.

He grubbed brush madly for a time and then stopped altogether and hurried from place to place around the clearing as if to run for it, but a guard seemed to be ever in front of him.

As the day wore on he began to droop from mere physical exhaustion. Thoughts welled up in his mind of home and parents and friends. He had seen them last at Mutual. He could picture them sitting there in the class. They had studied prayer. Prayer—he had always believed in it, why hadn't he been more prayerful? If he ever needed the help of the Lord it was now.

Cautiously he crept into a clump of willows. At the risk of being caught hiding, he knelt down. Ray had prayed sometimes before, but here in a rebel camp, with not a single earthly friend

or protector and death awaiting but an hour off, he fervently, tearfully and from the depth of his heart, prayed.

Immediately his panic left him. He went back to work, his muscles became relaxed, they seemed rested; his mind became clear, and he began to evolve a plan.

The willows and underbrush were being cleared from a large circle and piled in the center. As soon as the opportunity came he crawled quickly into the pile of brush. The final cleanup for the day was in progress and he was soon screened safely out of sight.

A half hour he remained thus and when it became stifling he slowly crept toward the outer edge of the pile. For a time he was afraid he would never be able to extricate himself, so heavy was the weight of boughs through which he had to crawl. When black hopelessness stared him in the face he covered his eyes and prayed again—not aloud this time but with no less sincerity. Another supreme struggle and he was able to see the activities in the clearing.

Enough of the commands and stray words of conversation reached his ears to acquaint him with the fact that they were making search for him. The rebels were deadly afraid to have him return to the United States with the story of his capture.

It was dark enough now so that nothing could be seen clearly outside the clearing itself. If they would only leave he could run from the brush and be comparatively safe until he reached the hills above the river. Men, however, kept running to and fro and often looked sharply into the pile of brush. His new-found security in prayer was the only thing that kept him from crying out in terror.

Presently a sharp command was given from the edge of the clearing and the men set up a babble of comment on all sides. Soon they were all out of sight but near enough to be heard occasionally. Some plan was evidently being perfected.

Presently Ray felt urged to leave the brush pile. He started and then waited again. He seemed quite safe there and he would be anything but safe running across the clearing with guards on every side and the men not a hundred yards away.

Again he had a strong feeling to leave the brush pile and before he hardly knew why or what he was doing he had crawled from his hiding place and was speeding toward the river. It seemed that a hundred eyes must be riveted upon him as he ran. He expected a bullet to stop his flight at every step, but he reached the edge of the woods along the bank of the river and no guard stopped him. When he glanced back the men were beginning to take places around the edge of the clearing preparatory to carrying out whatever plan they had made.

He quickly waded the shallow stream and came to the rocky hill beyond. He wound his way along low down until he found a small, dry wash leading up. Into this he clambered and made haste for the top. In five minutes he had reached and hurried over the ridge. When

he raised his head and looked back, the brush pile in which he had felt so secure was one huge blazing mass.

For an hour he sped over hill and hollow. He encountered no vegetation heavier than sage brush, but the ground was rough and the rocks bruised his feet and caused him to stumble as he ran. No sign of pursuit had been seen or heard. He settled down to a steady gait. The feeling of safety became more and more pronounced as the minutes went by without sign of anyone following. Once he thought he heard a low wailing sound and stopped short to listen but hearing nothing but the breeze rustling the dry weeds and sage he went on. Presently the sound came again more distinctly. Again he stopped to listen. He felt the blood leave his face and his knees tremble beneath him. Faintly but distinctly his ear caught the low baying of the blood hounds.

While in camp he had taken the trouble to make friends of the dogs, but blood hounds were blood hounds and instinct would send them on and on until they dragged him down.

His mind became a whirling chaos. As he started again his limbs seemed helpless. Twice he staggered and fell, bruising and cutting his hands and knees. Each time he scrambled to his feet and struggled on madly. A few hundred yards and he encountered a small stream whose banks were lined with thick brush and vines. If he could reach the stream he could perhaps evade the dogs for a time but the thick underbrush seemed impassable. His breath came hard. His heart pounded and he felt himself choking. The dogs would be upon him any moment. Their deep-throated sounds were terrifying.

Reverently he dropped down once more upon his knees. To convey what he said and how he said it is an impossibility, but never was prayer uttered with more complete humility; never was voice more filled with pleading. The words uttered were few, the blessing asked was one, and the time before its granting was exceedingly short.

He had no sooner regained his feet than the crashing of heavy bodies through the brush could be heard. He stood perfectly motionless and waited.

As the first dog appeared—"Jeff!—Jerry!" the dogs stopped.

"Jeff! come here!" and a snap of his fingers accompanied the sharp command.

For a moment the dogs stood puzzled, crept slowly to him and as he patted their heads they arose and licked his hands and wagged tails to show their friendship.

Instantly Ray lashed them together with strong vines and, after working laboriously to the other side of the stream, led them on toward the border.

The Mexicans had undoubtedly followed as far as they dared but the start Ray had gained while they were trying to burn him out of the brush pile was enough to make it impossible to find him in the darkness without the aid of the dogs.

As he told his story in the village his friends stood in wonder at a boy of sixteen who, when doomed to execution, could practically run through the ranks of an army and, when pursued by blood hounds, steal the blood hounds and return them to their rightful owner.

Ray accepted with complete humility the compliments paid him. And as time went on, with the recurring memories of his capture and escape, the spirit of prayer grew upon him. He had tried it. He had struck the spark and the light was burning. The more he prayed the brighter grew the flame until it became a living testimony.

Ogden, Utah.

Five Memories I'd Like To Have

BY A COLLEGE SENIOR

1. I wish I could remember one Fourth of July, or one circus day, or one canyon trip, in which my father had joined us boys, instead of giving us the money and equipment to go, while he and mother stayed home, and made us feel guilty by working while we played.

2. I wish I could remember one evening when he had joined us in singing, or reading, or tussling, instead of always sitting so quietly with his newspaper by the reading lamp.

3. I wish I could remember one month, or week, or day even, when he had made purposeful work out of drudgery by planning the farm work with us, instead of merely announcing each morning what that day's work would be.

4. I wish I could remember one Sunday when he had bundled us all into the buggy and taken all to church together, instead of staying home while we went in the morning, and leaving us home while he and mother went in the afternoon.

5. I wish that I could remember just one talk in which we had discussed together the problems and facts that trouble every growing boy, on which his clear and vigorous viewpoint might have shed such light and comfort, instead of leaving me to pick up the facts haphazardly as I might, and to solve the problems as best I could.

And yet, my conscience would cry shame were I to blame him, for no man could ever be more devoted to his family, more anxious for their welfare, more proud of their successes. His example has been a beacon to us. He just didn't know—and there is the pity of it to me—he just didn't know that we needed *him*. He didn't know that we would rather have his companionship than the land he could leave us—that some day, maybe, we might make money for ourselves, but that never can we make for ourselves the memories that might have enriched and mellowed and molded our lives. I can't see a Fathers and Sons' outing without a lump in my throat.

Logan, Utah

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU?

BY MISS CONSTANCE CANNON

Lucerne, that city of dreams, is unforgettable. In June, the lake is a magical blue, the mountains are coolly green, and the streets are filled with holidaying crowds, from laughing American debutantes to mysterious Hindu princes. The shops are overflowing with gay, frivolous things—frothy scarfs and Venetian shawls, apple-green jade on black velvet, Russian leather-work and quaint Swiss carvings, diamond ear-rings, and brocaded slippers. Over the whole of the old Swiss town is the air of happy and unceasing gaiety. Business men, trying to play when all their lives have been concentrated work; matrons brilliant with rare jewels, searching through shops to find "that certain blue" to brighten their dull eyes; young girls buying silver flowers and rose-colored fans. Lucerne, under the purple shadow of Mount Pilatus, set so enchantingly in its beauty of hill and lake—Lucerne, the city for honeymooners with the light still in their faces, and the city for tired pleasure-seekers looking for lost dreams.

* * * * *

Miss Carmencita McDavid shut her eyes suddenly. She hated this city, she despised the fashionable hotel on whose porch she sat, she loathed the beauty of the sweep of the gulls across the lake. And the reason for all this unpleasantness was that she was lonely. She was lonely with the unaccountable and unreasonable loneliness of an American in a strange land—the kind of loneliness that makes one gulp and turn away from the honk of a battered Ford—for there is no sound in the world so unnatural, so nerve-tearing, and so heart-breaking as the honk of a Ford touched by an alien hand.

However, Miss Carmencita McDavid, daughter of a Scotch romancer and a Spanish-American senorita, and chaperon of fifteen dazzlingly expensive young ladies, late of Belmont college, was not stirred by a Ford's honk. No, she was in much worse condition—Miss McDavid was in love. She was madly, desperately, hopelessly in love with a person, who, according to all college comics and humor magazines, was distinctly unworthy of such an honor—an absent-minded professor.

Not that Professor Smithson Mathews was the type, honored in the comics, who scratched his pancakes and poured maple syrup on his head—oh, not at all! He was big and athletic and boyish, but he had a way of looking at one mildly and bashfully and then making some worthy comment on the relativity of Chaucer to early moderns.

This was particularly hard, if one possessed, as Carmencita did, a story-book sort of face, lips like gay scraps of velvet, skin faintly and marvelously golden, and hair so dark, fragrant and long that, when made into a dignified coronet, it always seemed just ready

to fall. Perhaps Professor Mathews looked at Carmencita's eyes and maybe that accounts for his timidity. For her eyes were steel-grey, serene and very cold. Long sweeping lashes fought to soften them, but failed. Miss McDavid loved her eyes, they had done so much for her. They had secured her a position as teacher of modern languages at Belmont college. Dr. Mills, the president, had hesitated before admitting this radiant, princess-like college graduate to his faculty, but after she had raised her eyes and he had looked into their icy depths, he hesitated no longer. And it was certainly the coldness of those eyes which made the Faculty choose Miss McDavid as the suitable chaperon for the "annual European trip, cultural and educational," (as described in the *College Catalog*). Undoubtedly, also, it was Professor Mathews' way of looking and never seeing, that decided the Faculty in his favor, as business manager of the expedition. As Miss Gregg, head of the mathematics department said: "If I had a daughter I would trust her any place on earth with Smithson Mathews."

And so, in accordance with the Faculty's decision, Miss McDavid and Professor Mathews had toured Europe together. What mattered fifteen young ladies when each one's eyes were only for the other? When each one listened only for the other's voice, what mattered the squeals and chatter of fifteen young ladies!

Holland, country of dykes and canals, with her myriads of tulips and wooden shoes; Germany, land of legend and romance, with her historic Rhine and fabled fortresses; France, with her cathedrals and boulevards; Spain, with bull-fights and lace mantillas; Italy, land of music and happy-hearted beggars, with unbelievably blue skies and ancient ruins—all these they had wandered through, and looked at each other and said nothing. Now they were in Switzerland, most beautiful of all, with her colorful lakes and snowy-hooded mountains, her arcaded old cities and quaint chalets.

And so the cold, reserved chaperon sat and dreamed of the professor. She stared at the promenaders, the lake boats and the limousines. Then hating all the beauty and gayety because he wasn't seeing it with her, she went up to pack her bags. She planned all sorts of foolish and childish things—she dreamed of sudden train wrecks, breathless escapes, and romantic rescues. But because the blood of her Spanish mother fought with Scotch caution, these dreams only went on in her head, and Carmencita, in her anxiety to keep her poise and self-control, was making herself more cold and sternly gracious than ever before. Of course, as was natural under the circumstances, she treated the object of her hopes and dreams as frigidly as if he were a ten-year-old boy caught at "passing notes."

The professor would sigh and look away from her icy eyes and vaguely and mournfully wonder what he had done to hurt her feelings. And then he would dream of grey eyes grown suddenly soft and sweet and a mouth of scarlet geranium.

At this stage in the affairs of the pair of school-teachers, Fate, like a laughing, wrinkled old lady, with a gossipy tongue and interfering fingers, decided to take a hand. So she sent her tool in the shape of a girl, as is usual in such cases. This girl was a sophisticated bit of golden daintiness. She was the wealthiest, prettiest and most influential of the fifteen young ladies under Miss McDavid's excellent supervision. She was Miss Patsy Everett. I need say no more, for every newspaper reader knows that name and probably will remember the incident I am about to relate. That name spells wealth, position, prestige. So you can perhaps imagine the crash and blare that went out, one June evening, when the moon was a slim ship sailing in a midnight pool, when Miss Patsy attempted to slip quietly from the ornate hotel and become the bride of Tony Scarnitelli, the handsome Italian chauffeur.

Morning came and fourteen excited young ladies sat on the wide, pleasant veranda of the hotel and talked. They all talked and chattered and squeaked, and sounded as much like a cagedful of parrots, as fourteen young ladies with expensively trained voices can. The subject, of course, was, "My, dear, imagine a chauffeur!" "Darling, I may be snobbish, but an Italian farmer's son, why, it's terrible." "Really, that is too much!" "What will her family do? They are simply the elite!" Then suddenly, silence fell on the group as Miss McDavid came from the lobby. She had just come from her interview with the handsome young chauffeur and the determined young heiress. She had explained to them the difference between American and European standards in regard to elopements, and she had promised to intercede for them with the girl's family. Miss McDavid felt strangely peaceful and at ease. She knew that perhaps recriminations would come, and blame and accusations of carelessness on her part as chaperon, but she didn't care—they seemed so happy and sure of their love.

Then as she neared the group of girls she became aware of their talk and the subject. She heard the words, "chauffeur, family, wealthy, farmer's son, trash, a mere nobody," and then silence as they saw her approach. Miss McDavid stopped, flung back her head and with blazing, grey eyes and flushing cheeks, she spoke as no poor teacher should ever speak to daughters of railroad magnates and bank presidents, Wall Street kings, and oil princes. Her words came clear and low but they carried to an open window where a supposedly absent-minded professor sat, emerged in telegrams and explanations. She said, "You miserable little snobs, how do you dare to talk that way? You ought to be in your rooms crying because you didn't have the luck to be loved by a clean, ambitious farmer boy who has had the courage to do honest work as a stepping-stone to something better. You girls are always talking of love and marriage, but what are you planning to do? Why, you will marry the man with the most money and the highest social position. Don't you realize that love is all that

counts—that there are more truths and wonders and happiness to be learned in the right man's heart than anything else in the world?" And then inexplicably, Miss McDavid's eyes filled with tears, and her voice was suddenly dull and broken, "You girls would better go and pack."

The girls, silent now and respectful, hurried away, and Carmencita sat and tried to keep from laughing hysterically. Miss McDavid, famed for her coldness and poise and believed to be impervious to any emotion, had broken down strangely at the sight of a pair of joyous young lovers; though she felt quiet and peaceful and relieved. She did not start when a chair was drawn close to hers, nor when a hand clasped hers, and a beloved voice said softly, "Carmencita, why did you act so cold when I love you so? I thought you too well poised, too hard and cold. I thought you stern and hateful of love. I thought you a perfect woman without a heart."

Carmencita looked away from the blue of the lake and the green of the hills and the dull, purple shadows where the two met, from the busy street and the flashing cars, and, despite the fact that they were in the most conspicuous place of the most conspicuous hotel in Lucerne, she raised her face to his. Her eyes were the soft gray of an old lady's silvery dress in candlelight. She spoke and her voice was new and vibrant, "Oh, Professor, how could you?"

Basel, Switzerland

Wealth Supernal

Give me a friend, yes a feeling friend,
Who knows of my faults, yet loves me still;
One I can trust to the very end—
Who blazes my trail up life's steep hill.
Let me abide in his atmosphere,
And share the muse of his inmost soul.
Rich then am I as we journey here,
While some may be poor in their wealth of gold.

Give me a home, be it crude or old,
In which love dwells in its truest sense;
Where something impels me back to my fold,
To fond embrace as my recompense;
With thinking children, strong and clean,
Who play well the game and understand.
Then wealth is mine in my hovel mean,
While some are poor in their mansions grand.

Give me a hope and a yearning soul;
A confiding trust in the God of all;
An impelling faith in a well marked goal,
With power to surmount every grave downfall.
Let heart-throbs be germs of a greater self—
Through sympathy feel in each brother's woe.
Then poor may be men in financial wealth,
But I shall be rich in men's hearts, I know.

Los Angeles, Calif.

O. F. URSENBACH.

WESTERNERS IN ACTION

Camp Timpanogos

Camp Timpanogos, on Timpanogos creek, which hurries down from the glazier of that huge Utah wonder mountain, was conducted by the Timpanogos Council, Boy Scouts of America. The camp is situated sixteen miles from Provo, on the Alpine Scenic Loop.

This is one of the biggest items in the program of the Timpanogos Council. Last Summer over four hundred boys participated in its activities during the five weeks which it was conducted.

Scouts came from nine counties and as many as five nationalities



SALUTING THE FLAG

were represented at one time at camp. The weekly program was one of instruction and entertainment for the boy, by experts in the various fields of scouting. Each morning the Scouts in camp would divide into the various sections and remain in them throughout the forenoon. Classes were conducted throughout the week in: handicraft, Indian lore, nature, wood craft, photography and many other fields of scouting.

Each evening the tasks of the day were forgotten while the whole camp revelled in a camp fire around the council ring. Stunts were given by the various localities. Wednesday night was devoted to Indian lore when half a dozen braves would entertain with stories, dances and songs of the red man.

Each Friday the camp would be deserted while the Scouts journeyed up to the top of Timpanogos to view the wonders of the valley below them. Friday night the Court of Honor would convene and award the boys the badges which they had won during the week.

The food was prepared by an expert cook and served cafeteria style. There were shelters for all and the camp is situated in an ideal place for nature study, hikes and other activities which went to make up a pleasant week for a live Boy Scout.—*DeAlton Partridge*, Provo, Utah.

The Still Small Voice

BY ELLEN L. JAKEMAN

"During the Black Hawk war I volunteered and went down into Sanpete county, to help guard the cattle, and fight Indians,—if I had to," said Matt. Peterson of Lehi, to the author.

"Abe Conover, of Provo, was our captain and he had divided



MATT PETERSON

his men, with one camp on Nine Mile creek, while the group I was attached to were stationed at the foot of a hill near a favorite runway where the Indians drove off the settlers' cattle. There was a spring

some little distance from camp, and as things were pretty quiet, a number of us went up there to spend Sunday, though such unmilitary ways were strictly against orders—that is, loose general instruction. We had been cutting each other's hair, washing our clothes in a convenient pool below the spring and mending such as we could not pin together with a thorn, or skewer together with a horeshoe nail, singing songs, and having a nice, quiet Sabbath.

"To the east of us was a cedar ridge, and on that was stationed the picket guard. Into the peace and quiet of that Sabbath day came the alarm of gun fire! One man came out of the woods on the run and in our sight fell sprawled out as one dead or mortally wounded. Grabbing whatever of our belongings lay nearest, we all began running toward the main camp, three hundred yards away, for, of course, we had no guns with us.

"James Lamb, of Lehi, was one of the company at the spring, and he happened to be near me when the firing began. He reached out a big paw, and jerked me into the lee of some upstanding rocks before I got fairly started, and said:

" 'Matt, what are you running for?'

" 'Let go of me!' I panted. 'You big fool! Don't you know the boys and Indians will be shooting right across us in a few minutes? Is this any time for your jokes and horse play?' I tried to jerk away, but couldn't, for by this time he not only had me down but was sitting on me.

" 'You can't run away from a bullet marked with your name, but there is no bullet marked with your name or mine today. I've had experience and just naturally know those Indians are not going to kill anyone today.'

" 'Didn't you see that man fall that came out of the cedars where the guards were stationed?' I almost shouted at him, struggling to free myself, for I was too frightened to mind making a noise.

"When he had quelled me again, he said:

" 'Mat, I know something that you'll have to learn if you are ever a successful frontiersman. I sensed something about it when I crossed the plains, and learned to respect and trust the men who had it. It was thoroughly ground into me when I conducted the U. S. mail through this territory,—almost a desert, few settlements, and many Indians,—for two years.'

"I was not interested in his remarks as every nerve of hearing was strained for the next shots, and all my energies directed to a chance to escape the strangle hold Jim had on me.

" 'I drove four good mules and a buck-board for a mail wagon, and I've made a hundred miles between stations without stopping, and driven round cedar hills and other convenient ambush places because I was warned of danger; and have often had my impressions verified.'

"The first bustle at camp, when the boys arrived, had quieted down and I could imagine them all on guard and the Indians hatching

up some development before attacking,—running off the horses, like as not! With that thought came the remembrance of my own horse, the best horse in Utah and a present from a lady, and I almost choked with rage and despair, but Jim never let go his hold on me. Not having a suitable horse when I enlisted, Sister Jane Hatch, daughter of John Lott, said:

“If Matt Peterson can volunteer and offer his life in defense of the people and property of Sanpete county, I *can*, and *will*, give him the *best* horse in the country,” and she did. And here was this big bloke holding me down while the Indians ran away with him. I am a peaceable man by nature, but I just knew that if ever I got a chance, I’d give old Jim Lamb the beating of his sweet, young life. Gosh, I was mad!

“Once,” he went on calmly, “I was on one of those trips and had Wilford Woodruff, and George Q. Cannon for passengers. It was a long and wearysome drive, and we found the camp I had selected occupied by a small but rather boisterous party of gold seekers. We withdrew a short distance and I fed my mules, gathered wood, built a fire, and after supper went to take the nose sacks off the animals with the intention of hobbling them, and turning them out to graze. When I took the grain bag off the first mule something said to me:

“Hook up, and get out! but I paid no attention. With the second mule it was a little stronger, and by the time I had collected the fourth nose bag, it was being said so plainly, that every nerve in my body was jumping to obey.

“I thought my tired passengers would think me a fanatical, crazy fool,—just what you’re thinking now,—but nevertheless, I led those mules to the wagon.”

“By this time, as there were no demonstrations from the camp, I began to be interested in Jim’s yarn, and he kept right on talking.

““Gentlemen,” I said, addressing my passengers, “I feel like we should go on to another camping ground I know of.”

“Matt, they looked at me in surprise, and I hadn’t told them how far it was.

““I don’t feel just exactly right here,” I stammered. “What do you say if we go on?”

“They looked at me earnestly a moment, and then Brother Woodruff said, like the kind and courteous gentleman he always was, “We are in your hands, Brother Lamb, do just as you think proper.” He asked no questions, there was no quibbling, and both those tired gentlemen, turned to, and helped me to reload the wagon. The mules seemed of the same mind and cut up no didoes while being harnessed and we were soon on the road. We drove twenty miles before we camped again.”

“Jim got up casually from my crushed and humiliated anatomy,

and we *walked* toward the camp which was out of sight over a rise, though so near.

" 'Well,' I suggested, for I knew that was not the end of the yarn."

" 'Next morning a single man, wounded and riding an exhausted horse came into our camp. He said he was the sole survivor of the party we had left at the first stopping place the night before. First, they fought among themselves, and the Indians finished them.'

" 'We topped the rise and came to our military camp just as Captain Conover rode up with his detachment, and gave our crowd the horse-laugh. The attack proved to be a very bitter jest perpetrated by our captain to see what kind of discipline was maintained, and what the men would do if really attacked by Indians. Even the man who came out of the woods and fell was part of the hoax; and, thanks to Jim's premonition, we two were the only ones of our crowd entitled to laugh with the jokers. Oh, yes, we certainly were more military thereafter, for most of those men would rather have been shot at than laughed at.

" 'I learned to listen to, and profit by, the warnings of the Still Small Voice, not only in matters of physical danger but other things more precious.'"



PATRIARCH JORDAN H. BRADY AND WIFE

About Early Pioneers

Patriarch Jordan Brady and his wife are a pioneer couple. The picture was taken on the day they celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, December 10, 1921.

Patriarch Brady was born at Nauvoo, June 7, 1843; arrived in Utah September 18, 1850; made a trip back across the Missouri river to help others get out and start on their way to Zion. Needless to say, he had many thrilling experiences and became well acquainted with the plains and travel with ox team. He was among the first to settle Fairview, Sanpete county, in the Fall of 1859. He is the only man living at this time who spent the first Winter in Fairview, then called Northbend. He has had a great deal to do with the Indians in Utah. It was always his desire to make friends and he usually succeeded in doing so. He did much guarding around the fort and in the hills and woods, but never had to shed blood.

Sister Brady was born in New York City, November 27, 1844; came to Utah with her parents, Edmond W. Howel and Sarah Vale Howel, in September, 1852. They were married in Fairview, December 10, 1861, and in the Endowment House, April 30, 1866. They had thirteen children: one died while a baby, and one, Sister Keziah Cheney, died two years ago, a mother of seventeen children. Eleven of Brady's children were married in the temple; all of these are still living and active in Church duties.

Five generations are living; Baby Geraldine, Mother Cecil James, Grandmother Elvina Christiansen, Great-grandfather Jordan H. Brady, Jr., and Great-great-grandfather Patriarch Jordan Brady. Baby Geraldine has seven living grandparents on the mother's side of the family. They are Grandmother and Grandfather Fred Christiansen, Great-grandmother and Great-grandfather Jordan H. Brady, Great-grandmother Sarah J. Sanderson, and the great-great-grandparents, the Patriarch and his wife. The Patriarch and his wife have eleven children living and eighty-one grandchildren, one hundred eighteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

These sturdy pioneers are not just waiting to die. They are very active and still enjoy living, though they are well prepared to meet their Maker. Sister Brady does her own house work and feels glad she can, while the Patriarch does a few chores. Since he was set apart as a patriarch in the Church, in 1893, he has given many wonderful blessings to the youth of Zion who have desired that guide. —*L. W. Peterson*, 737 East Taylor Street, Portland, Oregon, formerly of Fairview, Utah.

An Early Westerner

BY BISHOP W. E. ABBOTT

"Utah" means "much to eat." While the author of this article was traveling as a missionary in the state of Illinois, in the year of 1896, I put up at a hotel in the little town of Omaha, Gallatin county, Illinois, for about two weeks. While at this hotel I met and made the acquaintance of the old man, with long, gray hair, you see in the

picture. I was sick with malaria at the time, and the aged gentleman proved to be a friend in need. He took me to his room and there rehearsed to me the story of his life.



"I do not know," he said, "where I was born, or where my people came from. They started for California in a very early day. Some time before the 'Mormon' pioneers came to Salt Lake, they were crossing New Mexico and Arizona, on the Southern route, when the Indians came upon them and killed the entire company, except a little baby three months old. The wife of the old chief begged for my life, and I was given to her to care for. A gold ring was taken from my mother's finger, and kept by my adopted mother. I grew up with the boys and girls of the tribe.

When I had arrived at the age of twelve or fourteen, I was permitted to go with the warriors on their trips for conquest. We would cross the Colorado river, thence northward along the Rio Virgin river and up to the big lakes. On our way we made war against all of the small tribes, taking all horses, guns and the best-looking women. While at the lakes we would hunt and fish, dry or cure venison, and fish for two or three months. On our way back we had a long train of horses, mules and burros, packed with dried fish and venison. Do you 'Mormons' know the meaning of the word, 'Utah'? It means 'much to eat.' There was always much to eat around those lakes. I made two or three trips up there before your people came to Utah. When I became a young man, my old Indian mother gave me my mother's ring. On the inside of this ring was engraved 'Lavier.' I believe that was my mother's name."

The old man showed me the ring with the engraving, and said, "My name is *Lavier*." Later in life he left the Indians; turned his face eastward, in hopes that he might find some of his kindred. He was an artist by trade, and painted ornamental ceilings and signs. He still held to the customs and habits of the Indians. He still had with him Indian relics, such as, arrows, spikes, paints and other relics. On certain nights he would leave his room in the hotel, and would climb to the top of a high hill, and there he would worship the stars. The historians of Utah in the past have differed in their opinions as to the meaning of the word, "Utah," a land of plenty—"much to eat."—W. E. Abbott.

Mesquite, Nevada.

Giving Maple Canyon the Once-over

BY H. R. MERRILL

Since Governor George H. Dern took hold of the steering wheel in Utah affairs, he has been one of the most active governors that has ever occupied the governor's chair, in the way of inspecting the domain over which he presides. Almost from the very first week he has been riding and tramping over this state in an effort to become acquainted with its beauties as well as with its resources.

One of his latest expeditions was to the unique Maple canyon, which lies due west of Moroni, in Sanpete county. This trip was taken late in September in order that he might behold the canyon



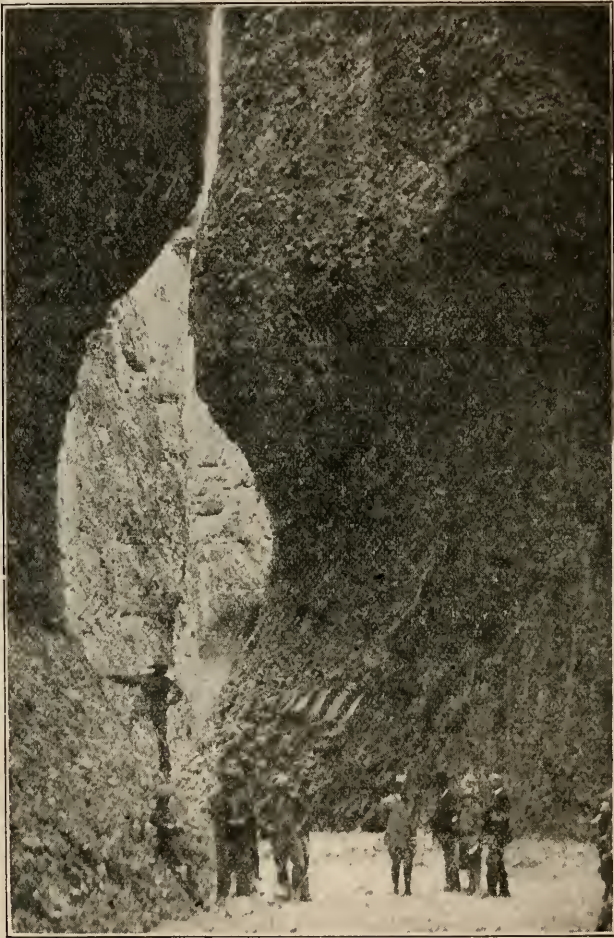
Governor George H. Dern, from a cliff, surveys Maple Canyon. The man pointing is Bob Hinckley of Mt. Pleasant. Next to him the Governor and daughter. The guide is B. F. Eliason, of Moroni, standing.

garbed in its new Autumn clothing, fresh from the "artiste shoppe" of Jack Frost, the king of decorators.

More than one hundred and fifty people had assembled in the defiles of the beautiful canyon to greet the Governor and to eat dinner with him in the wildwood. He was accompanied from Salt Lake by his secretary, William Iglehart, Mayor C. Clarence Neslen, J. Cecil Alter, and by members of his own family. The mayors of several of the Sanpete county towns, presidents of various clubs, and other prominent men also assembled to take part in the day's outing.

The entire party was under the direction of the Lion's Club, of Mt. Pleasant. This organization acted as host, also.

The Governor and his party were first conducted through Box canyon, a tributary to Maple canyon, which is really unique among Utah canyons. Box canyon is a crooked gash or gorge cut into the conglomerate to a depth of more than five hundred feet. Its walls rise perpendicular upon both sides. Only in few places is it a rod wide, and in many places it is even narrower. This canyon extends



THE PARTY IN BOX CANYON

for more than a mile, I am told, although we followed it only about that far. At certain seasons of the year a waterfall thirty feet high plays over a cliff in this elfin chute.

From Box canyon the party moved on to the forks of Maple canyon, where some expert cooks had prepared a luncheon under the

wide-spreading maples and boxelders. Sandwiches, both hot and cold, fruits and salads were served. An ice-cold spring had its origin beneath a cliff nearby, where the guests of the Lion's Club could quench their thirst.

The Governor and the Mayor, proving that they were of the people, sat on the ground among the many people and ate their luncheons even like the ordinary citizens.

After the lunch, which was especially appreciated since the hike had been a prolonged though not a difficult one, the party moved on up the canyon. Part of them walked, others rode horse-back. Towering cliffs rose on either side of the canyon, while in the crevices and along the bottom of the canyon were splotches of color that gave the place a fairy-like lightness and beauty.

Far up the canyon, the trail turned aside up on to the north ridge. There the party, perched upon a cliff, surveyed the canyon. Governor Dern was much impressed with its ethereal beauty. Below him on the south side of the canyon a perfect natural bridge, fashioned from the gigantic conglomerate cliffs, could be seen, while far up the left-hand fork of the canyon the cliffs rose from the varicolored leaves like fortresses from some fairy bower. The right-hand fork was equally brilliant and colorful. To the east, one could see the Sanpete valley partly filled with sunshine and partly with a deep shadow which hung over the eastern rim of the valley.

"It is beautiful," said Governor Dern. "I think it is a canyon of which you Sanpete citizens can well feel proud; in fact, it is a canyon of which the entire state may boast."

The Governor had been invited to visit the place in order that he might pass upon the advisability of working for its exclusion from the range and its inclusion among the monuments or state parks of which much is being said at present. The Governor seemed favorable. The argument advanced by some of the promoters of the scheme was that it could be a half-way scenic camping ground between the state capital and Bryce canyon and the southern Utah wonders. As such it would be ideal. A good road to the forks of the canyon would make it a delightful place for a one-night stop. After the party had viewed the scenery all returned to the forks, where Governor Dern made a graceful speech. Mayor Neslen, due to an appointment in Salt Lake City, had left earlier, but before going he had expressed himself as favoring the project of making the canyon a state park.

Provo, Utah

THE HEART SONG

[Who in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has not sung, or heard sung, the song, "Nearer, Dear Savior, To Thee"? It will interest us all to read what its veteran author, who has contributed many beautiful poems to the *Era*, from time to time, has to say in verse about this well known and popular Sunday School song, so particularly consoling and appropriate at this Christmastide. Here follows what he writes about it to the *Improvement Era*; he calls it his "Heart Song."—*Editors.*]

It was only a little heart-song
That I wrote, in a mood, one day,
When my burden of sorrow was heavy,
And I often knelt to pray.
Then the words were set to music,
In a tune with a pleading air,
That blended a heart-felt pathos
And made it a song of prayer.

And I feel now, often, its comfort,
In the trend of my lingering days,
When it comes in my memory often,
Like an anthem of prayer and praise.
And as prayer it is answered daily,
While my Savior I feel is near,
And the joy of his love and mercy
Is a fountain of peace and cheer.

Came a time when an aged woman,
From her beauty and strength all shorn—
For by many a wave of sorrow
Had her life been made forlorn—
And she thanked me for the comfort
That my song gave to her life,
With the hope and faith of heaven
To release from care and strife.

On each other our lives are dependent,
Though 'tis little that one can do;
By the truth we teach one another,
We become to each other true.
Like my simple effort is singing
To the hearts that have known distress,
There's an uplifting faith in many a song
To control, give aid, and to bless.

Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

The Song

NEARER, DEAR SAVIOR, TO THEE

(For music see *Deseret Sunday School Song Book*, p. 70.)

Nearer, dear Savior, to thee,
Nearer, nearer to thee;
Ever I'm striving to be
Nearer, yet nearer to thee!
Trusting, in thee I confide,
Hoping, in thee I abide—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to thee.

Nearer, dear Savior, to thee,
Nearer, nearer to thee;
Ever my anthem will be
Nearer, yet nearer to thee!
Loving thee, ever, I pray,
Aid me thy will to obey—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to thee.

Nearer, dear Savior, to thee,
Nearer, nearer to thee;
Proved by my trials I'll be
Nearer, yet nearer to thee!
Humbly I come to thee now,
Earnest, I prayerfully bow—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to thee.

Nearer, dear Savior, to thee,
Nearer, nearer to thee;
Let me by holiness be
Nearer, yet nearer to thee!
When all my trials are done,
When my reward I have won
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to thee!

Friends

We were boys together,
Just little lads at play;
We were friends together,
And each one had his way.

We were youths together,
And camped in forests wild;
We were friends together,
Where maidens on us smiled.

We were men together,
In happiness and grief;
We were friends together,
And neither one was chief.

He passed beyond and left me;
Oft times I'm lonely here;
But Death has not bereft me
Of memories ever dear.

THE GOOD-HEALTH SEAL



Each of our national holidays brings to us its own peculiar message. The Christmas season, as no other, is associated in our minds with the gospel of good will. Whatever our religious beliefs or ethical convictions may be, we all respond at this time to the spirit of unselfish service, epitomized in the simple words, "Merry Christmas." Our generous impulses reach out to embrace those who are less fortunate than we. That is why we welcome the advent of the Christmas Seal—it gives us an opportunity to say "Merry Christmas" in a practical, helpful way.

When Einor Hoelbell, an obscure Danish postal clerk, originated the Christmas Seal to finance a hospital for tuberculous children, he little dreamed that within two decades the American people would be using annually 450 millions of seals, and that the proceeds from their sale would furnish the sinews of war for the most successful volunteer health movement in the United States. Nor did Hoelbell foresee the startling revolution which would be brought about in our public health thinking, as one of the indirect results of the Seal.

Twenty years ago no one would have associated tuberculosis, its misery and despair, with the holiday spirit of Christmas. To inject depressing thoughts of plagues, disasters and disease into the Christmas season would have been considered impolite and out of place. Today we cheerfully support the Christmas Seal campaign as an integral part of the Christmas season. To us in Utah, it is as indispensable as the turkey and the pudding. It does not seem out of place to us because we have undergone a remarkable change in attitude; we have developed entirely new concepts about public health.

For no longer do we dwell on the horrors of disease, but rather do we stress health—exuberant, robust, expanding health. The Tuberculosis Seal has become a Health Seal. There has come gradually a new concept of public health which emphasizes positive health-building rather than a passive defense against disease.

What could be more fitting to the Christmas season than to associate it with the priceless gift of health?

Let the people of Utah get behind the Christmas Seal sale and show the Nation we are in the campaign against this dread disease, tuberculosis.—*Utah Public Health Association.*

ANCIENT PICTOGRAPHS OF SOUTHERN UTAH

BY HAROLD L. SNOW

While on a recent trip to parts of southern Utah, including San Juan and Wayne counties, Professor Andrew A. Kerr, of the archaeology department of the University of Utah, made a special study of pictographs. These were found carved on the rock cliffs of those regions. They may have been made probably more than a thousand years ago by the early ancestors of our modern Indians.

Pictographs are not the same things as the hieroglyphics of ancient times. Instead of being a written language, the pictographs seem to be a form of thought-writing which seeks to convey ideas by means of picture-signs. They may be just marks which suggest the object or idea in mind. The main purpose of this art, it seems, was to express a thought, register a fact, or convey a message.

Pictographs were made in many parts of North America by the ancient inhabitants of the country. These are found in the form of pictures of different kinds of objects, having been made in most instances by the use of sharp-pointed stones or arrow heads. Most of the pictographs which are found in southern Utah, represent the sun, elk, snakes, mountain sheep, goats and human beings. At times there are found straight and also queerly curved lines near a picture of some animal. These are interpreted by some to be maps of the country or indications of the presence of water holes.

One of the stone tools which it is believed was used to cut pictographs into the flat rocks of the canyon walls in San Juan county is now found among the archaeological relics in the University of Utah museum.

Explaining the significance of pictographs, Henry W. Henshaw, who spent much time studying the American Indian, writes;

"Pictographs, on the one hand, are more or less closely connected with sign language by which they may have been preceded in point of time. Some, indeed, see in pictography a later stage of gesture speech, but the evidences assumed to be indicative of such genetic connection fall far short of proof, and it is believed that pictography may have had a more or less independent origin and career. Pictographs, on the other hand, are closely connected with every varying form of script and print, past and present, the latter in fact derived directly or indirectly from them. Although the earliest use of picture-signs is shrouded in the mists of antiquity, and although they have been employed by all uncivilized peoples, it is chiefly to the Indian of North and South America we must look for a comprehensive knowledge of their use and purpose, since among them alone were both pictographs and sign language found in full and significant employ. Pictographs have been made upon a great variety of objects, a favorite being the human body. Among other natural substances, recourse of the pictographer has been had to stone, bone, skins, feathers, quills, gourds, shells, earth, sand, copper, and wood, while textile and fabrics figure prominently in the list.

"The tools by which, and the materials of which, pictographs have been made, are almost as various as the objects upon which they have been found. For carving upon hard substances, including cutting, pecking, scratch-



Photos by A. A. Kerr.

Top: The Dome, Fruita, Utah. Many of the pictographs are found on the rocks of the cliff in the background at the left. Center and bottom: pictographs.

ing and rubbing, a piece of hard, pointed stone, frequently perhaps an arrow-point, was an effective tool. For incising bark and similar substances a pointed bone was employed. A piece of charcoal, or more often a bit of red ocher served for drawing. Dyes of various shades of brown, red and yellow, which were extracted from plants, were available for painting. The Zuni and Navajo employed corn meal for ceremonial marking of their bodies, and for their famous dry paintings they used sand, ashes, and powdered mineral and vegetable substances of various hues."

The ancient savage artists used to emphasize prominent and unmistakable features of an object or animal which they wished to show in their pictographs. For instance, in the pictographs which are shown in Professor Kerr's photos, the necklace and head-dress of specific design are large and plainly shown, while the arms and hands and fingers of the figures representing human beings are shown by straight lines. This emphasis of important features, authorities declare, finally led to the elimination of everything but essentials in the making of pictographs.

It is not believed, by most authorities on the subject, that the Indian pictographs record events of great importance. The report of the American Bureau of Ethnology refers to this idea as follows:

"It would seem that the oft-expressed belief that a mine of information respecting the customs, origin, and migrations of ancient peoples is locked up in these generally indecipherable symbols must be abandoned. It is interesting to note that similar and sometimes identical pictographic symbols appear in widely remote parts of the world. Pictographs of Central and South America show remarkable resemblances to some from New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Bearing in mind the racial identity, similar culture status, and in a general way the similar environment of their makers, such resemblances and even identities in pictographic representations are in no wise surprising. Even were it possible to establish for these similar and widely separated symbols a common significance, which is not the case, such facts are best interpreted as coincident, and as closely analogous to the occurrence of identical words in unrelated languages. Upon this head Col. Mallory pertinently remarks that attempts to prove relationship identity of symbols is of less importance than general similarity of design and workmanship. His further statement, conservative though it be, that by the latter criteria it is possible, to a limited extent, to infer migrations and priscan habitat, is less convincing. It is thought that criteria like these should be employed with great caution, and that in such studies their chief value must ever be as aids in connection with other and corroborative evidence."

The Latter-day Saints, however, can see more to the corresponding words in the ancient languages and those of the Indians than can other people of the world because of the "other and corroborative evidence" which we have in the Book of Mormon, and in modern-day revelation. So we cannot let it suffice to call such corresponding words, customs, habits and traditions of the Indians and those of the old ancients of Asia "just coincidents" in every case.

Attempts to interpret the rock-writings of the ancients on the American continent have so far proved unsuccessful; but who can tell what keys may yet be found?

Chicago, Ill.



Photo by the Author.

THE SACRIFICIAL SCENE, AMONG THE HIEROGLYPHS

ESCALANTE FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE

A Magic Stone;—whoso rests his foot thereon
Sees both Past and Present

BY FRANK BECKWITH

In September, 1926, I discovered a most wonderful stone near the shores of Utah Lake, a few miles north of Mosida.

It is a very hard rock, on which, with much labor, an ancient craftsman in the long, long ago, had toilsomely cut a group of hieroglyphics; and then, as if to illustrate his narrative, had carved a most life-like picture group in the lower left corner. The narration is written like the Hebrew; that is, beginning at the right it proceeds to the left, in the opposite direction to the manner of writing English. The "paragraph," if such it may be, is indented at the right top, proceeds in three lines of "text" much resembling an attempt to write in some sort of ideographic character; and, sustaining its Hebrew character, the line is finished a short distance toward the left, as a sentence written from right to left would end.

Then, having incised his inscription contained in the message of the ideographs, explained his writing (or illustrated his message) by drawing a picture of the scene his text described.

For we see a man leaning forward in the attitude of intense action, well typified, grasping in his upraised right hand some kind of implement, sword, or bludgeon; his left hand is extended across an altar to seize an animal to be slain thereon; behind him stands an attendant, priest, or other person, while behind that man, resting on the ground, is a brazier, out of which jagged tongues of flame are shooting up!

It is a most remarkable scene! One's thoughts fly onward in a wild race to account for this scene of a "Sacrificial Rite," combined with a group of very close resemblance to "near-writing,"—and both found so strangely in a group of Indian hieroglyphics. Were this found on the battle fields of Troy, in the debris on the Acropolis of Athens, in the Forum of Capitoline Rome, or in Palestine, it would be readily understandable.

But can you conceive such a scene,—a "Sacrificial Rite"—engraved by an American aboriginee in a group of mere Indian hieroglyphics?

Whence came the red man with this rite? What contact had he? What culture from a higher plane? What immigrants carried to this uncultured primitive this rite so common to the Old World?

* * *

This stone is found in a lonely spot, on an uninhabited waste, near the shores of Utah Lake,—a spot possibly but seldom visited by whites; and certainly, until my own discovery, never a word was published that such a wonderful rock was there to be seen.

There is something in (or on) the rock of great magic potency; for listen: One evening just at dusk, after a meager supper eaten there on the spot, I stood with my foot on that rock gazing across Utah Lake; in my hands I had an ordinary binocular, it aided me to see, yes!—but the magic of touching that stone gave me an extended vision, greater in range than the aid rendered by mere glass. For in my mind's eye I saw Father Escalante come down Spanish Fork canyon in the fall of 1776 (a year otherwise far more momentous), and with him a small band of Spaniards; I saw a rude, swarthy, copper-colored chieftain, and several sub-chiefs receive him. I saw braves in silent dignity stand on either side, unarmed, for this stranger comes on a peaceful mission—a man of God, unarmed.

I saw the Franciscan tell his beads; I saw him kneel and pray with and for those silent, untutored, grave people. I saw him give them a message of Christ, and I saw their ready acceptance of that message.

This I saw by the magic of that stone.

There must be great potency in a stone to bring into vision a scene faded these hundred and fifty years. I looked down at the one my foot was resting upon.

"Oh, stone," said I, addressing it as superior, "thou wert old when Father Escalante came to the shores of Utah Lake; thy message had been cut, aye, these many centuries before. Unfold to me more, I pray thee!"

Putting the glass back to my eyes, the stone did as it was bidden. For again I saw with greatly increased vision in the fast increasing dark. A luminous haze was seen faintly shining, mayhap at the very spot whereon Escalante stood; that haze was from innumerable electric lights in Spanish Fork; another haze farther north told me I was looking at Springville; and the rock said in tones scarcely audible, but

more than vaguely felt by impress of foot, "Look once again, for I feel young in strength,—and much can the strong do, though youth I lack."

I looked again, shifting the glass still farther north. Tiny, little pin-point pricks of light caught the straining gaze—arc lights on the street intersections of Provo, directly opposite me on the lake!

A something luminous, a something shifting, ebbing up and down, now high, now low, a bright, red glare, wafting in the breeze, held me spellbound. What was I now seeing?

"Magic stone, tell me."

For reply the magic stone said through impress of foot,

"Look better into the past, that you may appreciate more fully the present."

I felt my gaze drawn back to the spot where the canyon debouches on the foothills leading to the water line; there I saw a red man without metals; a red man without glass; a red man without writing;—a primitive man living in skin tepees.

But a man in a long sacerdotal dress, of somber color, was bringing to this red man—What, hold! Can I believe my eyes! This man pale of face was in a soft effulgence, more faint than the luminosity I saw as the haze of electric lights, holding in his hands a wondrous, unformed thing gradually assuming shape. Then I saw it was destiny—the destiny of the white man—his hands were laden with the future. To those shores he (or his like) were carrying steamboats, railroads, cameras, the telegraph, the 'phone that talks from afar, the magic thing that picks out song, music and speech from the empty air—indeed I was in a spot of much magic! Nor was the stone underfoot impotent yet. On the shores of that lake, where a hundred and fifty years ago talk was Spanish on the one hand and deep gutturals on the other, I saw a college, teaching a language not then talked in Yewtah, teaching those arts developed which I had just seen beginning to form in the hands of that white man, laden with what was to be.

The stone underfoot impressed the message,

"Shift back your glass to the present—thou hast seen the past. Look!"

Again the shifting, vibrant, leaping, luminous, red flare caught my eye. The magic stone told me I was looking at the highest achievement of man's culture—his mastery over metallurgy. For I was looking at the gases burning at the end of a tall waste pipe at the site of the great steel mills near Provo—by-products blazing in the night. Take steel from us—take from us the knowledge of all metals,—deprive us of all machines and the product of all machines—and we are thrown back as far as were the copper-colored natives when Father Escalante visited Utah a hundred and fifty years ago.

That saw I in the night by the aid of the magic stone.

And yet, that stone, so potent as to bring past and present into the same field of view—to bring to my vision a sight my unaided eyes

could not discern, restored a sight faded now one hundred and fifty years!

Who says my stone was not a wonderful discovery?

Yet, its message as to itself was a locked, silent, baffling mystery. Impenetrable was it to the aborigine found across the lake when the first white trod that shore. And why to them? Because sons, descendants, generations of them, forsook the walks and ways of those who had carved that stone—gave up their heritage in a culture that knew the rite—deliberately sought another walk of life, and traded writing, peaceful arts, and advance, to roam; left stone temples for habitations of skin stretched on a few poles—they became skilled in the ways of the chase, but forgot how to conjugate a verb!

Oh, magic stone, thou tellest much.

"Now wondrous rock, I with foot upon thee, imbibing thy message,—tell it me direct; speak of thyself! Impart why this Sacrificial Scene. Speak on, or give me vision!"

The stone refused. Nor got I anything further. I had asked for the opposite side of the lake and had gotten it; anything there the stone would and did unfold—everything. But ask it of itself, and my stone was more taciturn than the red man who carved it.

* * *

Reader of the *Era*, run with me in the open here untrammelled by words; let us expand our lungs on flights of fancy, deep inhaling.

On!

Is this stone marking a spot where a people in the long ago suddenly came upon the shores of the fresh, inland sea, after many days on the salt, parching wilderness we now call the "Great Salt Lake Desert?" Could they have dropped to their knees in thanksgiving, and followed that by the rite we know so well as having been practiced in Greece, in Rome, in Judah? Had they carved a message on that stone in commemoration of that deliverance—a message in the lines we see but cannot understand? And thereupon sacrificed an animal, with all the rites which a term of living under those very customs gave them knowledge of?—nay, even more, a people themselves from that land knowing the act. Can we race, O those who read, in that fancy flight, or must we slow down, prosaic reader, to a dull walk, mumbling incoherently our misgivings that our limited vision lets us see nothing more than "just another meaningless hieroglyphic?"

For myself I like that bracing air in high flights, and no altitude dizzies—the greater the height the greater the zest. I think just as calmly in those great heights as the merest earth walker who ne'er didst soar.

* * *

"Magic stone, if thou wilt not talk of thyself, I thank thee for thy vision of Father Escalante and his handful of the future. I thank thee for what I have seen this night on the shores of Utah Lake, aided by thy power. As far as thou hast talked have I received."

Delta, Utah

THE RECENT FAYAL EARTHQUAKE

BY H. H. HAGLUND

Two thousand three hundred miles almost directly east of New York City, in the little city of Horta, on the island of Fayal, in the Azorean group, is located one of the world's largest cable stations. Here cables owned by five different companies cross one another, and cables from the United States, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Great Britain, Germany, France, Portugal, Spain, Italy and South America meet and interchange traffic. A joint station for all companies is now under construction which will become a veritable communications crossroad in the middle of the Atlantic.

For the past six months the writer together with two others have been engaged in installing and testing out new apparatus for the Western Union's high-speed cable from New York which connects here with the countries mentioned. In order not to interfere with the heavy, daytime rush of traffic which is already being handled over this cable, our tests are carried on at night, usually from 1:30 to 7:30 in the morning.

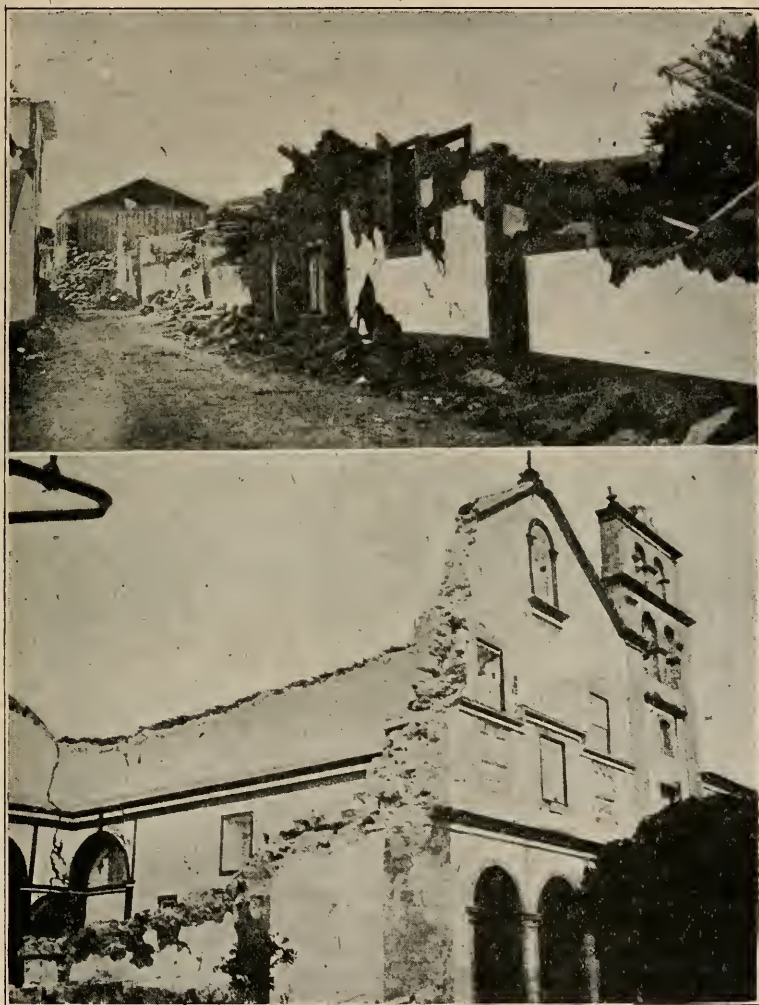
After completing our night's work on the morning of August 31, 1926, we went directly to the dock to pay a visit to the captain of the German cable ship *Norderney* which was in the harbor. We spent some time looking over the ship and its cargo of cable, inspecting the paying out machinery, cable charts, navigating room, sounding devices, and so on, and finally accompanied the captain to the bridge.

While we stood there the ship gave a sudden shiver, as if a hawser which had been holding it against the pier had suddenly parted. The captain's hurried glance fore and aft disclosed nothing unusual, but the ship continued to shake for what seemed like a long time to us. Then one of our party shouted, "Its an earthquake, look at the town!"

Horta, meaning "a garden," is built along the beach and up the hills surrounding a beautiful semi-circular bay. Across the bay and the roadstead between the two islands Pico, a volcanic mountain, on the island of the same name, rises majestically from the water's edge to an elevation of over seven thousand feet. White-painted buildings of the city stand out against the green background of the hills. Here and there churches raise their stately spires, and along the roadways great masses of pale-blue hydrangias line the stone fences. Viewed from a ship in the harbor it is a picturesque and beautiful place.

But as we now looked, an entirely different aspect drew our attention, for now before our eyes, as if we were spectators at a theatre, walls tumbled and buildings fell. As each fell a great cloud of dust arose marking the spot where a wall or perhaps a home, some

of them hundreds of years old, had stood. To the left of us from an ancient volcanic cinder mountain, a landslide took place, raising a cloud of dust which the wind carried as far as the ship on which we were standing. The boiler in the city power plant burst, and we could see the columns of steam pouring out from every part of



Above, A street in Flamengos; below: Santa Antonio Church, Hasta, Azores

the building. And then almost immediately, as if to remind us that this was real, not just a picture enacted for our enjoyment or amusement, a great wail broke out from the fear-stricken people themselves.

I think I shall never forget this cry of agony. It came to us

from all directions, it was reflected towards us by the hills and it brought us, who were just out of reach of the city's danger, a realization of the calamity that had befallen the little town.

Before we went ashore we obtained glasses and surveyed the damage from a distance. Near the shore, we could see one family hurrying to get out of their house. The entire end wall of the place had dropped out. High up on the hillside the church of Santa Antonio was completely wrecked, only the right hand tower and the altar alcove remained standing. Almost everywhere we looked, fallen roofs and walls could be seen.

In a few moments we hurried ashore, anxious to find out if any of our own friends had met with injury. At the Western Union office we found all our personnel, as well as that of the other cable companies, had been accounted for and were unhurt. The office which is temporarily located in a remodeled warehouse, while the new office is being built, had not suffered severely, there were large cracks in the end walls but the side walls which carry the floor load had given only a little. The other cable companies' offices were also in fair condition.

At the little public park or "Largo" we found most of our people. The ladies were accumulating their most needed belongings in our little bathing hut on the beach. The apartment house in which many of our people lived was ruined; the front wall was standing but leaned heavily over the street. The quarters of the German cable company's staff was badly wrecked. But we were all unhurt and therefore felt thankful for our safety even as we stood sadly by while, on hurriedly constructed stretchers, wounded and dying were carried past the Largo to the hospital.

After the first hour of excitement and panic was over, we returned to the office, where we sent messages of assurance to our folks at home, as well as informed our home offices the extent of the damage. Our building engineers went out to inspect the new buildings which Stone & Webster of Boston are putting up for us. These buildings are being built under the supervision of American engineers and mechanics, and, with the exception of the stone, from American materials. They were found to be unhurt. Even in the excitement of the time I could not but think that this was an excellent recommendation for American material and workmanship, specially in these times when so many people are making a great cry that American building is not what it ought to be or used to be. These houses were practically the only ones in town that suffered no damage.

Our next thought was to make plans for the immediate future. Most of our houses were not fit to go back to, so in the afternoon every man turned out to clear up two of the new houses that were far enough along to promise shelter in case of rain. A lean-to kitchen was constructed against the wall of a third house and by evening about seventy men and women were housed and the following day meals were served to our gang on the lot. To be sure, we were huddled

together, but we all had some sort of bed and food, and we felt that we might well feel glad that we did not have to join the many who had spent the night sitting around or trying to sleep in the little Largo.

Almost two weeks have passed since the quake. Fortunately there has been no suffering for food and no sickness, and the weather has been fine. Buildings considered dangerous have been or are being pulled down, engineers are inspecting every building and when they



Left: Home in Flamengos, a little town just above Horta, which was worse damaged than Horta, perhaps, because houses here belonged almost exclusively to workingmen, and were poorly constructed. Right: Conccicao church, Horta, Azores.

leave the building the door is marked with white, red or black paint; a great many with black, signifying that the house must be razed, others red and black to indicate to the owner that the house cannot be occupied until adequately repaired. A few are marked white and into these the people are slowly moving from the Largo, but in the evenings, as dusk comes on, you will find them all sitting in the doorways, seeking safety in the open, for fear that another quake may still follow and finish what remains of the homes that have housed their forbears perhaps for hundreds of years.

Horta, Fayal, Azores

THE PETER WHITMER FARM

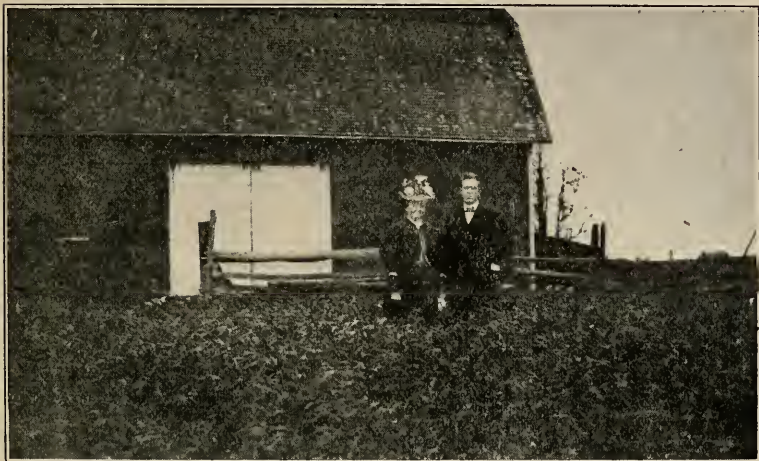
(See Frontispiece in this number of the Era)

In one of the meetings of the October conference, President Heber J. Grant announced that President Brigham H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy and of the Eastern States mission, had been "authorized to purchase, and had succeeded in purchasing, the Peter Whitmer farm, where the organization of the Church took place. The deal has been closed, and we are now the owners of the place where the Church was legally organized, April 6, 1830. The farm consists of about one hundred twenty acres of land."

President B. H. Roberts referred to the subject in his speech before the Saints, as follows:

I rejoice that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is gradually gathering into its control the sacred places where great historical events happened. I am sure that it will tend to intensify our remembrance of those events. I remember the effect the general conference of the Eastern States mission had upon our young missionaries—the conference that was held at the Hill Cumorah in 1823, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the revealed existence of the Book of Mormon. I noticed the effect, on a group of missionaries only a few days ago, of a visit to the Memorial Cottage and the monument that mark the birthplace of our Prophet. It seemed to inspire them with confidence and faith in what they had heard of him. I rejoice that we have these places. I rejoice that we have the Joseph Smith Farm, the farm on which the prophet toiled in his boyhood, and where some of the important revelations of God were given to him. I never visit that place but what I feel that I am living in the atmosphere of the great events that took place there. The most uplifting, sanctifying and glorifying inspiration that I have ever experienced has been in the Sacred Grove, where the Lord appeared unto him who was to become the New Witness for God in the dispensation of the fulness of times. I am happy in the opportunity of visiting that place and of receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there, from time to time. I rejoice that recently, acting under instructions from the First Presidency, we were able to secure the place where the Church was born, the house in which, as I now believe, the Church was organized. I know that that is disputed, and that a house is referred to about one hundred feet or more from the house that now stands, that was destroyed, and was said to be the old Whitmer farm and occupied by the prosperous Whitmer family during the time that the Prophet Joseph was a guest at their home, and in which he organized the Church. We now have a complete abstract of title with the name of every man and woman through whom the title

has passed; and I think we shall be able to patiently investigate the matter until we arrive at the absolute truth as to whether or not the house now standing there is the old Peter Whitmer Home. If that is not the house, we don't want to hold forth to the world that it is; but if it is really the home of the Whitmer family, where these revelations in section 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants were given at sundry times, and where the Church was organized—if really we have that house, what a treasure it is! And what an inspiration it will be to the Church to be conscious of the fact that we do possess it.



On the Peter Whitmer Farm, German E. Ellsworth and Mrs. George Albert Smith are standing on the spot which some believe to be the site of the old home; others believe the house now standing (see frontispiece) is the site of the old home.

It was to this home that the Prophet Joseph, his wife Emma and Oliver Cowdery, were brought by David Whitmer from Harmony, Pennsylvania, and were received as guests; and where the Prophet completed the translation of the Book of Mormon. As soon as it was completed, the prophet, by messenger, sent the glad word to his parents living at their home in Manchester township, and they with Martin Harris immediately repaired to the Whitmer home, where the prophet took the step necessary to obtain the testimony of the Three Witnesses. That testimony was received in a grove that then existed either on or near the Whitmer farm. They had prayer in the morning at the Whitmer home, for the Whitmer family were devout, Christian people. Old father Peter Whitmer was a member of that strictest of sects, the Presbyterians. He was a sincere and good Presbyterian and followed the practice of prayer at his family altar. The day after the arrival of the prophet's father and mother and Martin Harris, as they completed prayer that morning, the Prophet Joseph walked across the room, and speaking directly to Martin Harris, he said in effect: Martin Harris

you must repent. You must humble yourself before the Lord this day as you have never done before, and get a forgiveness of your sins; and if you will do this you shall, with Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, obtain a view of the plates from which the Book of Mormon is translated.

Shortly after breakfast the four named went out into the woods, as I have said, and there supplicated the Lord with the result that they beheld the plates and the engravings thereon, and they heard the voice of God proclaim that the translation was true, and he commanded them to bear witness of it to all the world.

In my interview with David Whitmer, in 1884, as he went over this ground, led by my questions, when we came to this part of it he said to me that in the progress of turning the leaves, or having them turned by Moroni, and looking upon the engravings, Moroni looked directly at him and said: "David, blessed is he that endureth to the end." When David Whitmer made that remark it seemed to me rather a peculiar thing that he should thus be singled out for such a remark, and I remember reporting it as such to President John Morgan, then president of the Southern States mission. I stated to him the peculiar feelings I had when I learned that from the lips of David Whitmer; but the subsequent history of these three witnesses led me to conclude that there was indeed a hidden warning in the words of the angel to David, "Blessed is he that endureth to the end." And it is rather a sad reflection that of these three witnesses he was the only one who died outside of membership in the Church. I wonder if Moroni was not trying to sound a warning to this stubborn man, that perhaps whatever his experiences and trials might be, that at the last he, too, might have been brought into the fold, and might have died within the pale of the Church.

Well, the foregoing mentioned incidents are the sacred associations connected with the Whitmer Farm in addition to the fact that it was the place where the Church of Jesus Christ was organized, and the First President of the Church sustained under the title of the first Elder of the Church, with Oliver Cowdery as the second Elder in the Church. I feel satisfied that we are going to get added inspiration from the fact that we own our birthplace and our cradle.

* * * * *

Bishop John Wells, speaking at the October conference on the subject of the purchase of the farm, stated:

"Some may say, 'Why purchase this property?' I am satisfied that the day will come when these historic places will be visited by tourists and Latter-day Saints in great numbers, who will stand in reverence in such hallowed spots. On this farm, and probably in the very house on it, the first sacrament was administered by the Prophet, and after those present had gone through the formalities of organizing the Church in accordance with the laws of the state of New York."

* * * * *

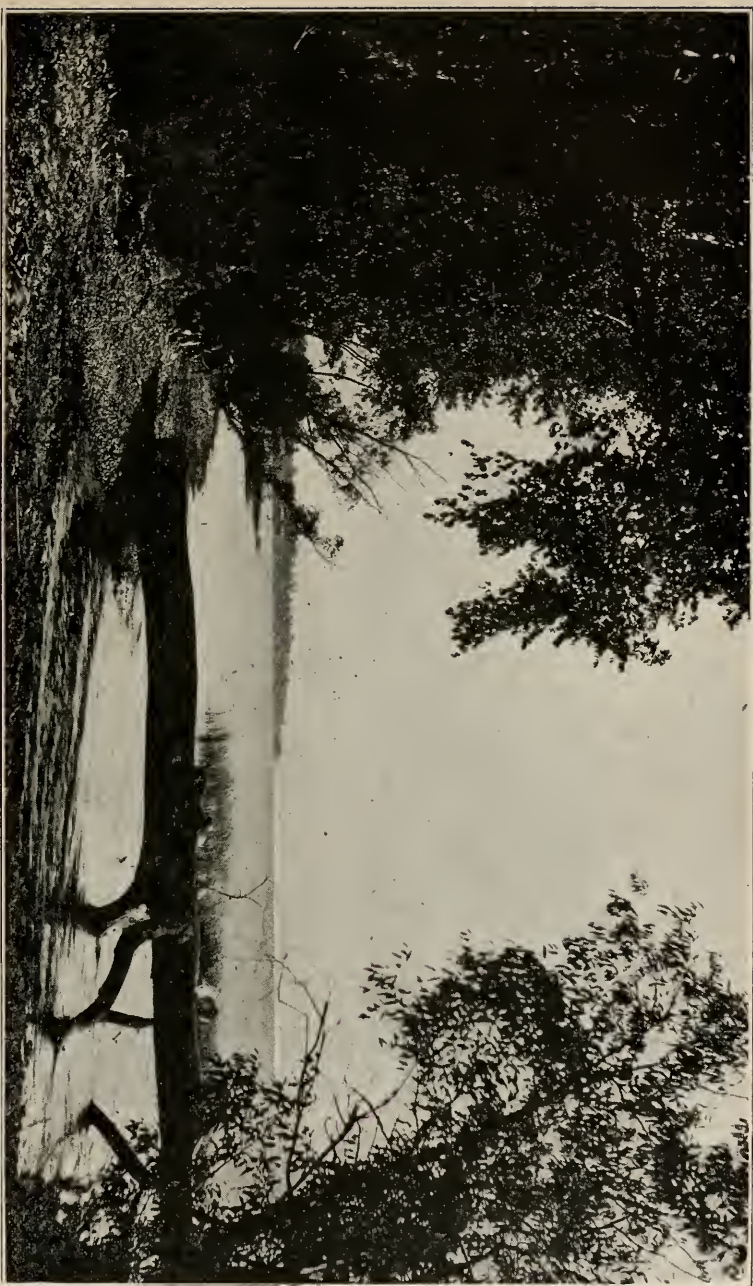


Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson
Seneca Lake, New York, where Hyrum Smith and David and Peter Whitmer were baptized in June, 1829, by the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

The Prophet Joseph Smith wrote concerning the Whitmers and others:

"We found the people of Seneca county in general friendly, and disposed to inquire into the truth of these strange matters which now began to be noised abroad. Many opened their houses to us, in order that we might have an opportunity of meeting with our friends for the purpose of instruction and explanation. We met with many from time to time who were willing to hear us, and who desired to find out the



The grave of Samuel Smith, near Topsfield, Massachusetts.
Members of the Vermont monument party standing about.

truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and apparently willing to obey the gospel, when once fairly convinced and satisfied in their own minds; and in the same month of June (1829), my brother Hyrum Smith, David Whitmer and Peter Whitmer, Jun., were baptized in Seneca lake, the two former by myself, the latter by Oliver Cowdery. From this time forth many became believers, and some were baptized, whilst we con-

tinued to instruct and persuade as many as applied for information." (*History of the Church*, volume one, page 51. See also revelations in Doc. and Cov. Sections 14, 15, 16, given to David, John and Peter Whitmer through the Prophet Joseph Smith.) David became one of the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon.

* * * * *

It was announced, on October 26, that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had purchased a brick chapel in Seattle, Washington, for the use of its members in the Northwestern States mission. The chapel is built of brick and cost \$25,000 as purchase price. The structure had been inspected by Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon some time previous during a trip he made to the Northwest, and on his recommendation the building was purchased. It will be a great advantage to the mission.

* * * * *

President Heber J. Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, President John M. Knight, of the Western States mission, and Mrs. Knight, left Denver on the 25th of October for Big Horn, where they visited in that stake, holding a meeting at Lovell, Wyoming, on the 28th, and at Sheridan the following day. They returned to Denver on the 30th, and held meetings at Alamosa and Manassa, Colorado, in the San Luis stake, on Sunday, October 31, and then returned to Salt Lake City by election time for voting. President Grant went to Colorado the week previous to dedicate a chapel in Glenwood, near Denver.

December Days

Oh! give me a day in December,
With its tang of frosty air;
With its swirl of dancing snowflakes,
Weaving a carpet rare.
With its lazy, hazy mistiness.
With its peeling, feeling crispness;
Throwing a challenged dare.

Oh! give me a day in December,
A day that is good to remember.

Oh! give me a day in December,
With its crunch of frozen snow,
And creak of belated wagon wheels,
Winding homeward slow.
With its stinging, clinging frostiness,
With its glimmering, shimmering glossiness,
Caught from the moonbeams' glow.

Oh! give me a day in December,
A day that is good to remember.

Sigurd, Utah.

IRVIN L. WARNOCK.

"A LAND OF MANY WATERS"

BY DR. J. O. ELLSWORTH

A familiar sight to the Prophet Joseph Smith was the accompanying photograph of the setting sun in "A Land of Many Waters."

As I sat, I pondered: What a glorious sight! If only those hills, those waters, those woods could speak! Did the rippling waves so sparkle one hundred years ago, when along yonder hill the prophet of the living God made many trips to and from Colesville, Harmony, Fayette, and Hill Cumorah, carrying the record of a lost civilization? Those same hills 1,500 years ago were the hunting grounds and last camp of Mormon and his Nephite army. There, too, the vanquished Jaredites made their last stand.

The picture shows Lake Cayuga, one of the many glacial lakes of central and northern New York, which I think are spoken of in the Book of Mormon as "A land of many waters." The north end of Cayuga is six miles east of the Peter Whitmer farm where the Church was organized, and is only thirty miles southeast of the Hill Cumorah.

Mormon and Moroni, in the closing chapters of the Book of Mormon and in the latter's personal instructions to Joseph Smith, in my estimation, unquestionably identifies this portion of New York state.

"And it came to pass that we did march forth to the land of Cumorah, and we did pitch our tents round about the Hill Cumorah; and it was in a *land of many waters*, rivers and fountains." (Mor: 6:4.)

The early history of the Nephites tells that King Limhi sent forth three of his men to find their friends at Zarahemla. "They were lost in the wilderness for the space of many days, yet they were diligent, and found not the land of Zarahemla, but returned to this land, having traveled in a *land among many waters*; having discovered a land which was covered with bones of men, and of beasts, etc., and was also covered with ruins of buildings of every kind; having discovered a land which had been peopled with a people who were as numerous as the hosts of Israel." (Mosiah 8:8.)

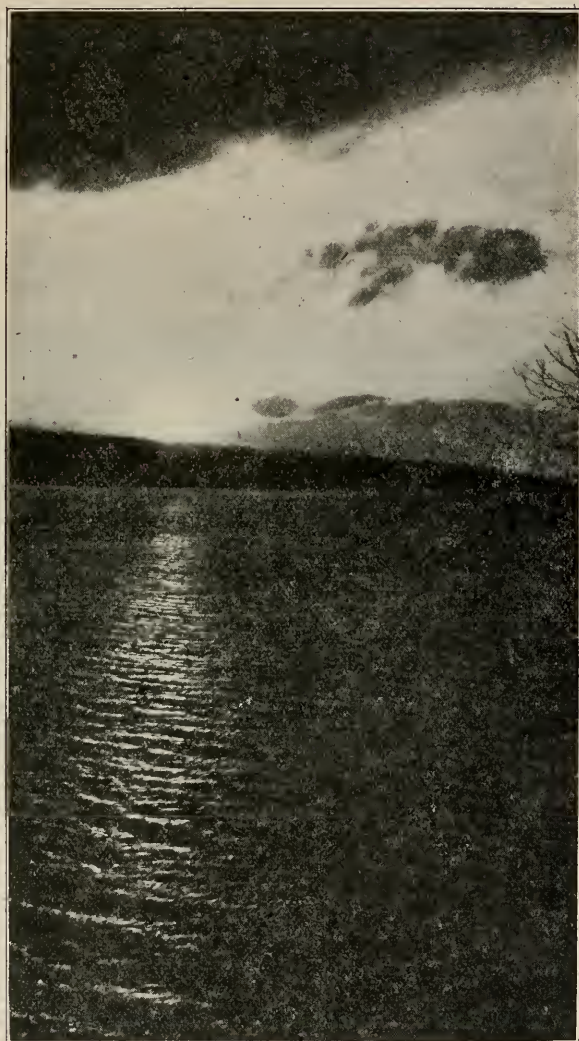
A knowledge of the fertility and natural resources of the land to the north is evidenced in the advice of the leader of the opposing forces of the armies of Moroni, the great Nephite general:

"Morianton put it into their hearts that they should flee to the land which was northward, which was *covered with large bodies of water*, and take possession of the land which was northward." (Alma 50:29:)

Again I think there is reference to the same country when we

read that many left "Zarahemla and went forth unto the land northward, to inherit the land. And they did travel to an exceeding great distance, insomuch that they came to large bodies of water, and many rivers." (Helaman 3:3-4.)

Stillwater, Oklahoma



"A LAND OF MANY WATERS"

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Send forth the elders of my Church unto nations which are afar off; unto the islands of the sea; send forth unto foreign lands; call upon all nations, first upon the Gentiles, and then upon the Jews.

" * * * Yea, let the cry go forth among all people: Awake and arise and go forth to meet the Bridegroom; behold and lo, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Prepare yourselves for the great day of the Lord.

"Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour." (Doctrine and Covenants 133:8, 10-11.)

A Successful Conference at Chemnitz, Germany

On September 25 and 26, President and Sister Tadge attended the Chemnitz conference and were present for their last association with the Saints in this city. Many came in from the outside branches to bid them goodbye. All the meetings were well attended, the largest being the Sunday school, where 950 assembled. The number present at all of the meetings attained a grand total of nearly three thousand souls. The Sunday school



ELDERS OF THE CHEMNITZ CONFERENCE

Sitting, left to right: Chas. J. Taylor, Ogden; E. Barr. Fischer, Salt Lake City; Reed T. Rolo, president of the Leipzig conference, Salt Lake City; Rudolf Erikson, Salt Lake City; Fred Tadge, released president of the German-Austrian mission, Salt Lake City; W. Thalman Hasler, president of the Chemnitz conference, Provo; Clyde Bramwell, Salt Lake City; Irvin G. Bunnell, Provo; K. O. Lindquist, Logan. Standing: Russell G. Cranney, Logan; Maurice Nuttall, Provo; Maeser Crandall, Springfield; William D. Cook, Logan; Walter Sirstins, Salt Lake City; Heinz Pueschel, Dresden, Germany; Preston Watkins, Brigham City; Perry L. McArthur, Huntington, Utah; Gordon B. Summerhays, Salt Lake City; Herbert W. Ulrich, Idaho Falls; Russell Rodgers, Salt Lake City; Albert S. Hutchings, Springfield; and George Reynolds, Salt Lake City.

program included a performance entitled "Sin and Purity," which captivated the entire audience. The people were highly touched by President Tadge's

departing speech, and as all the voices in unison sang that farewell hymn, "Der Liebe Abschiedszol," many eyes were wet with tears, showing the great respect and love with which he is regarded among these Saints. In the eight branches of the conference, seventy-one baptisms had been performed in the last three months, something never before equalled in the mission by one conference in so short a period of time. One hundred twelve baptisms were performed in the first nine months of this year. The missionaries are working hard, and the Lord is blessing their labors. The monthly average tracting for every missionary during the last three months was seventy-three hours, and for the month of August alone one hundred eight hours. A total of one hundred sixty house meetings were held during the three months. All their labors were advanced with determined purpose. We thank the Lord for the success he has given his work in this part of his vineyard. Again we heartily thank the *Era* for its excellent work and support.—W. *Thalman Hasler*, conference president.

Traveling in Unbeaten Paths

Manchester held its conference gathering September 26, 1926, in a spacious building at Glossop, Derbyshire, a new field for our missionaries, and especially for holding a general conference. In this district the Lord has been so kind to us in opening the homes of the people that we thought it wise to hold a conference there. It proved a good movement, and we had a



MISSIONARIES OF THE MANCHESTER CONFERENCE

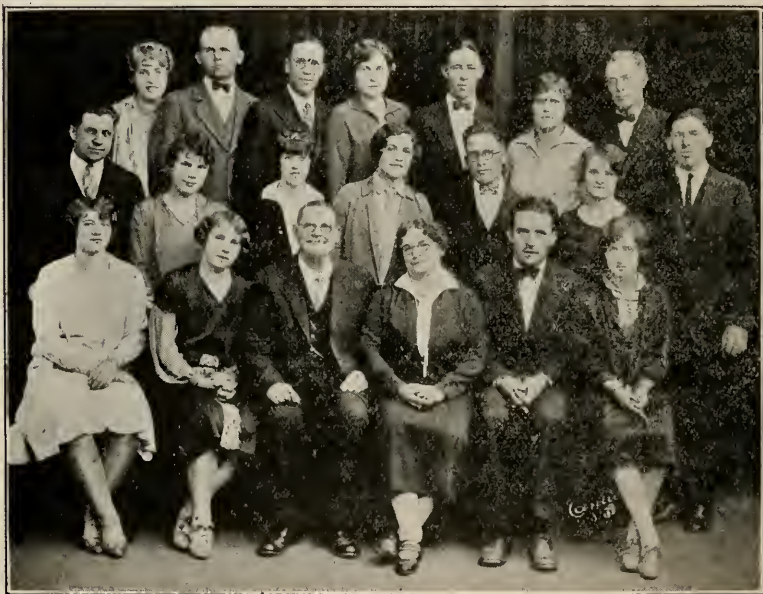
Sitting, left to right: L. L. Fryer; James K. Knudson, Liverpool-office; Landell S. Merrill, conference president; James E. Talmage, mission president; Sister Talmage, president of the mission Relief Societies; H. R. Price. Standing: A. C. Reynolds, F. D. Merrill, N. Glenn Stanford, clerk, W. I. Osmond, A. L. Baird, V. P. Sheffield, E. R. Budge.

large crowd, even though the rain was pouring down and many had to walk a considerable distance to the hall. For the past two years our efforts have been directed in unbeaten paths, with results very encouraging. On the 16th of October we held a baptism, at which several persons were baptized, and the number during this year so far will be about thirty-one or thirty-two.

We have been successful in distributing more literature of all kinds than ever before, and the newspapers are publishing the reports of our conferences, and other good and fair accounts of our Church and people, from time to time. We have adopted the slogan, "Every member a missionary," and the results so far this year have been very gratifying.—*Landell S. Merrill*, conference president.

No Time for Loafing in This Program

President Stephen L. Chipman of the Alpine stake, now on a short-term mission in California, writes, from 18 Cleaves Avenue, San Jose, California. "We have eighteen missionaries and two more expected—a fine array of young men and women, clean, energetic, young people. A week's program will inform you of our work. After a class we hold each morning, 8-9:30, we tract in the forenoon. In the afternoon, Mondays and Tuesdays, we visit investigators; Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, we hold class meetings in one of the beautiful parks, at 3 p. m. to 4, and study the remainder of the time between meetings and tracting. On Saturday we clean house, repair and do our shopping. Saturday evening we hold meetings on the busy street corners. Sunday we have teacher-training class, 9:30 to 10:30; Sunday school, 10:30 to 12; at 1 p. m., Sunday, we hold park meeting.



Front row, left to right: Harriet Wight, Malad Ida.; Nina A. Halliday, Stephen L. Chipman, conference president; Mrs. S. L. Chipman, Norman B. Wing, American Fork; Maurine Gamett, Pleasant Grove, Ut. Center row. Author Ashby, Oakland, Calif., Eva Gunther, Lehi, Guelda Elsmore, Lucretia Ashby, American Fork, Ut., Winfield B. Burton, Afton, Wyoming, Anna S. Drake, Payson, Ut., George E. Miller, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Back row: Elva Meredith, Manilla, Pleasant Grove, Delbert J. Fugal, Pleasant Grove, Loyal Carter, Provo, Marvel Atwood, Manilla, Pleasant Grove, Daniel L. Corry, Cedar City, LaRue Robinson, American Fork, Jos. Alton Neilson, Ephraim, Utah.

and then Sunday evening, Sacrament meeting. Priesthood meeting Monday evenings, M. I. A. meeting Tuesday evenings, Cottage meetings Wednesday evenings, and on Thursday and Friday evenings we visit the Saints and encourage them. We hold, besides, monthly priesthood meetings, conference meetings twice a year, which are held two and three days at a time. Among the missionaries we have good expounders of the gospel, soloists, pianists, readers, and instrumental artists. We have a fine orchestra, soloists and duet singers among our local talent. We visited the "Pratt Home," for the aged a short time ago, and gave them an entertainment, and another entertainment will be given by us at the state home of the Odd Fellows lodge, where the veterans and the attendants number about three hundred. The program will consist of short talks, singing, reading, etc. This home is a very commendable place for disabled men and women of the lodge, with every modern convenience. I am the only short-term missionary in the conference. We could use some more to advantage. We read the *Era* with enthusiasm and interest; then read it to our friends, and give it to those who will appreciate it. The *Era* is a wonderful missionary itself. I am thankful to say that I have been a subscriber every year since it began, and to the *Contributor* before it. I think the Church magazines are as necessary to members of the Church as the farm implements are to the farmers. Wishing the *Era* success, your brother in the gospel, *Stephen L. Chipman.*"

New Organizations Effectuated

The missionary work in the Waikato conference is advancing, and the gospel message finding its way into the hearts and homes of many who have been investigating the fruits of "Mormonism." Six elders are laboring in the conference at the present time. All phases of the work are steadily advancing, and several new organizations have just recently been effectuated.—*Leslie D. Burbidge*, conference president.



ELDERS LABORING IN WAIKATO CONFERENCE, NEW ZEALAND MISSION
 Standing, left to right: Conrad C. Doney, Franklin, Idaho; Elmer S. Palmer, Preston, Idaho; Wm. T. Ogden, Richfield, Utah; Rex Christenson, Lyman, Wyoming.
 Sitting: A. Wright Grant, Spokane, Washington; Leslie D. Burbidge, conference president, Salt Lake City.

Thirty-five Baptisms in Michigan

Elder Lester W. Lee, conference president of the East Michigan conference, Northern States mission, reports as follows, under date of October 26: "Since the first of January we have had thirty-five baptisms in this conference; thirty-two of them were in the city of Detroit, the other three were in Flint; twenty-four of them were converts, all of whom have a firm testimony of the gospel. At the recent conference held at Detroit we were privileged to have in attendance Elder Hyrum G. Smith, presiding patriarch of the Church, who is visiting the mission conferences and branches. He and President Taylor were the principal speakers. There was an average attendance at the three sessions of the conference of one hundred seventy-eight. Many of our friends and investigators were present for the first time. They expressed their joy and satisfaction at hearing the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints."



MISSIONARIES OF THE EAST MICHIGAN CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Ellen M. Jensen, Burlington, Wyoming; Leah Nielsen, Redmond, Utah; John H. Taylor, mission president; Hyrum G. Smith, presiding patriarch of the Church; Lester W. Lee, conference president, Woolford, Alta., Canada; Zelda F. Keetch, St. Charles, Idaho; Edith Booth, Provo, Utah. Back row: J. Lamar Johnson, Tabiona, Utah; L. Verl Broadbent, Heber City, Utah; Louis G. Myrup, Centerfield, Utah; Boyden L. Wood, Salt Lake City; Francis H. Worley, Logan, Utah; Clair S. Terry, released, St. George, Utah; Z. N. Skouson, of local branch presidency; Warren S. Jones, released, Vernal, Utah.

New Chapel Contemplated

A conference was recently held in Charleston, West Virginia, at the chapel, and one session at Huntington. At the time many investigators were out to attend the meetings, and much encouragement was given to the Charleston elders by the unusual number of investigators who were present.

President B. H. Roberts delivered some truly wonderful sermons, and all the missionaries bore testimonies of the truth of his statements, with unusual spirit and power. The strangers present were very much impressed with the meeting and expressed the desire of attending more of our gatherings so as to learn more about "Mormonism." A new chapel is to be erected at Verdunville, West Virginia. In this locality there are no other churches, and being the first church erected, with a hundred or more members of the Church located there, we expect to see many converts made.—*Lyman C. Pedersen, West Virginia conference South.*



Front row, left to right: Arthur Palmer; Lyman C. Pedersen, president of West Virginia South conference; President B. H. Roberts, of Eastern States mission; Elsie Cook, Clark L. Showalter, Stanley W. Jones. Second row: Bretnall Curtis, West Virginia North conference; J. Francis Giles, West Virginia North conference; Francis L. Shaffer, Elsie Jacobsen, Ruth Gollaher, Mabel Larsen, Elder Smith, of South Ohio conference, Northern States mission; Lewis T. Ellsworth. Third row: William S. Bailey, Delbert V. Groberg, Richard H. Christiansen, Ernest A. Richards, Nile G. Matthews, Elder Swenson, South Ohio conference, Northern States mission; Lowell R. Berry; Elder Freeman, president South Ohio conference, Northern States mission.

The Saints of Twelve Languages Taught How to Live

On October 2, early in the morning, the elders of Kauai conference met the semi-weekly steamer which brought President Wm. M. Waddoups of the Latter-day Saint Hawaiian mission; Sister Waddoups, president of the Relief Societies of the mission; Sister McGuire, her second counselor, and Elder Clissold, from Honolulu. The first meeting was held in the afternoon, it being a Relief Society meeting, with an attendance of sixty-three. It was carried on in the Hawaiian language, and a very interesting two-hour gathering was enjoyed. At night a dance was held in the Kapaa Hall, where some of these Pacific islanders did the latest dance steps to the music of

a real orchestra. A Priesthood meeting was held the next morning, with sixty-nine present and four visitors. Respect for authority was treated by President Waddoups, Elder Clissold and Elder Wm. C. Holding, conference president, the Hawaiian language being used. Following was a Sunday School meeting, conducted in English, there being three hundred forty-five in attendance. The afternoon meeting of that day, conducted in the Hawaiian language, was the most interesting and instructive of all. President Waddoups told and explained ways whereby the Hawaiian race could be made to increase, instead of decrease, how the death rate could be lowered by the sanitary care of children. This meeting was followed by a genuine Hawaiian banquet, free for all. At the meetings, at different times, there were representatives of twelve different nations of the earth, which goes to show that the word of God is for all the children of the earth, and we elders of the Kauai conference are well pleased with the results. Hawaii is known as the melting pot of the world, and it might be interesting to note that there were eleven races of the earth represented at the meetings who were baptized members of the Church; namely, English, Hawaiian, German, Filipino, Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Spanish, Portuguese, Negro and Porto Rican.—*Wm. C. Holding*, president of Kauai conference.

A Christmas Story of Life

"Please tell me a story, dear Grandma,"
 Begged a bright little boy of four,
 Of a kind, old, grey-haired lady,
 Whose years would number four score.
 He had wearied of blocks and of pictures
 And of watching the pretty red yarn
 Forming stitch upon stitch on the needles.
 As she knitted his mittens so warm.

'Twas a beautiful picture of contrast.
 In the firelight's cheery glow;
 The chestnut curls of the youngster,
 And the tresses as white as the snow;
 The dimpled young face, round and ruddy;
 The features all furrowed by years;
 The bright, laughing eyes looking askance
 Into those slowly filling with tears.

"Tell you a story, my darling?"
 And she stroked his sunny hair,
 While a smile lighted up those dear features,
 Erasing the worn look of care.
 "Tell you a story of what, dear?"
 It must be something pleasant, I know,
 For outside the storm is raging,
 And the flowers are covered with snow."

"Please tell me a story of Jesus.
 Who gave us the glad Christmas day,
 With its plenty of gifts and of greetings,
 And the bells ringing loudly and gay.
 And the beautiful pine tree, all loaded
 With candy and all those nice things:
 And the candles that shine on the tinsel
 'Till it looks like a live, fairy's wings."

- "My dear, you remember the story
Of a babe found on one Christmas day,
Stowed away in a lowly manger,
Asleep on a bed made of hay?
Well, God loved that beautiful baby,
And helped him to live and to grow,
And kept him from harm, for the wicked
Were wanting to kill him, you know.
- "And when he had grown up to manhood
He obeyed his wise Father's word;
Proclaiming a message of mercy
Wherever his teachings were heard.
He told of a love everlasting,
Bringing joy which nothing else can—
The true love of one for another;
Joy in dying for a fellowman."
- "And was he a great soldier, Grandma,
Like Daddy, who fought overseas?
Did he die for his flag and his country.
'Mid battle and want and disease?
Did he go, when his loved country called him.
Leaving his family and friends,
And give his young life for the colors
Which every true hero defends?"
- "No; Christ did not fight for his country,
He carried no weapon of war:
He died to secure a salvation
For all of mankind, near and far.
Through him all are closely united,
Each nation and kindred and tongue;
All striving and struggling homeward
To receive the great Master's, 'Well done'."
- "Then why do men murder each other,
And slay, glorious victories to win?
Why will brother wage war against brother,
And harbor contention and sin?"
- "'Tis because men are only weak mortals.
With the lesson of patience unlearned;
Too selfish to see their own errors,
Their hearts to unrighteousness turned.
- "When all learn the lesson of mercy,
With the true 'Golden Rule' as their guide.
Then nation will clasp hand with nation.
And go through this life side by side.
Then judges will rule with true justice,
The strife and the turmoil will cease;
Then love will prevail unrestricted,
And throughout the world will be peace.
- "But run on to bed now, my darling;
Sweet dreams be your guide through the night.
'Till the bright Christmas dawns on the morrow—
The birthday of Jesus, the Light.
The bells will ring out the glad message.
So old yet so new, once again—
'Glory to God in the highest!
On earth peace and good will toward men."

PALM SPRINGS—THE DESERT DE LUXE

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

On Christmas day, eighty years ago, the men of the Mormon Battalion camped in the vicinity of Palm Springs, California. Theirs had been a memorable trip over unexplored deserts where food was scarce and water for long distances unobtainable.

These men sent between \$5,000 and \$6,000 back to their refugee families in Winter Quarters. Of the 500 who enlisted (mostly young men), 150 were invalided out before California was reached. The Mexican war was over before they reached San Diego, so they helped



Palm Springs Desert Inn: With cool, Spanish interiors, and red-tiled roofs, the dwellings conform to desert architecture.

raise the American flag on the Pacific coast. It took most of them a year to make their way back to rejoin their families in Utah and Nebraska.

Long before this, the early Spanish fathers had navigated these same treacherous sands to the "Land of Bright Colors" in search of souls.

Even today the traveler must be specially prepared to combat its dangers else he perish on the desert. Cruel and gray it is, like dead lips drawn back from parching jaws, yet with a lure and mystery all its own. At times it masquerades in borrowed colors—silver, or gold, or American Beauty rose, with purple shadows. The sunrise is shot with orange and azure and Nile green: at night one can almost



Palm canyon: The spring waters of this canyon were supposed to have medicinal qualities, according to the Indians.

reach up and pluck the stars from the heavens, so low they seem to hang.

Palm Springs lies in an estuary of this Great American Desert. It has been called "A Bit of Araby," and the "Garden of the Sun." It is not generally known that America has a Passion Play of its own, but the Mission Indians here enact the 2,000-year-old story of the Life of Christ with a dusky Magdalene, and aboriginal Peter. These are the same descendants of Laman who a few centuries back imported the Rain God for moisture.

The play is staged in the natural setting of the canyon where the age-old palm trees stand with their feet in the water and their heads in the sun. This naturally warm water of the canyon stream was reputed by the Indians to have curative powers.

Today consumptives seek its arid atmosphere, but for the most part Palm Springs has been discovered by millionaires and movie stars. The architecture of the town conforms to desert needs, mostly cool Spanish interiors and red-tiled roofs.

Palm Springs is a Winter, not a Summer resort. In February the desert is abloom with wild flowers, the ground carpeted with the gorgeous tapestry of the wild verbenas. The Spanish Bayonet Yucca rears its stately spear against the mountainside. The pious Indians saw in the transcendent beauty of its white blossoms the "Candles of the Lord."

THANKSGIVING

BY MRS. ALICE MORRILL

When your heart bubbles up with pure joy and inadvertently sings peans of praise to the Giver of All Good, for life, and health, and the beauty of morning, and the radiance of noon, and the glory of a sunset sky—until you greet each new day with a singing heart,

THAT IS THANKSGIVING.

When your eyes are misty with happy emotion as you gaze upon the forms of loved ones, or revel in the beautiful realities of home life with its warm, unchanging loves and sweet, clinging associations—until your soul melts with the very tenderness of it all,

THAT IS THANKSGIVING.

When walking abroad at rosy morn, or dewey eve, or beneath a star-lit sky, you are grateful for the earth and "All the fulness thereof"—for the twittering of birds and the droning insects—myriad, living things beneath the dome of heaven, and your soul thrills with the very ecstasy of it all,

THAT IS THANKSGIVING.

When you feel within your being your own vibrant power of life, and movement, and active service for your brother man, and glad devotion to those nearest you—until your soul fills with the wonder of it all,

THAT IS THANKSGIVING.

When, running through the woof of things that are, things of the universe, and life, and time, and space and all eternity, you sense the tangible power of an all-wise, all-powerful God, and are led to know his relationship to you as Father of your being—loving, merciful, filled with compassion—until your soul worships with the very holiness of it all,

THAT IS THANKSGIVING.

Tridell, Utah.

Editors' Table

Who was Joseph Smith?

"WE STAND FOR A TESTIMONY OF THE DIVINE MISSION OF
JOSEPH SMITH."

He was the Prophet of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. He was a son of Joseph Smith and Lucy Mack Smith, and was born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, December 23, 1805, one hundred and twenty-one years ago. He received his first vision in the Spring of 1820, in which he beheld God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ. He obtained the plates of the Book of Mormon, under the direction of the Angel Moroni, September 22, 1827, previously, in 1823, having been shown their resting place in the Hill Cumorah. He was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood by John the Baptist, May 15, 1829, and soon thereafter to the Melchizedek Priesthood by the ancient apostles, Peter, James and John. He published the Book of Mormon in 1830, which he had previously translated from the plates by means of the Urim and Thummim through the power and inspiration of God.

Joseph Smith organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by the will and commandments of God, April 6, 1830. He established the British mission in 1837; founded Nauvoo in 1839, and gathered thousands of the Saints; he preached the gospel; he received at various times, from 1823 to 1844, revelations of the Lord for the building of the Church, which are found in the Doctrine and Covenants; and, having at last laid the secure foundation of God's "marvelous work and a wonder," he sealed the testimony of his labors and mission with his blood in Carthage jail, June 27, 1844, where he and his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch, were brutally murdered by a mob. Prior to his assassination, he said:

"I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a Summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, 'He was murdered in cold blood'."

The scriptural counsel that led to his becoming wise, reads:

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." (James 1:5.)

* * * * *

"I love to contemplate the innocence and the artless simplicity of his boyhood. It bears record that he was honest, that he was led

by the Spirit of God to perform his wonderful mission. His wisdom came in revelations of God to him. I have myself sat upon his knee. He was so fond of children that he would go far out of his way to speak to a little one, which is to me a striking characteristic of true manhood. He had a like true love for the human race. He was a prophet of God, and I believe in his divine mission with all my heart, and in the authenticity and inspiration of the revelations which he received, and in the Book of Mormon, which he was instrumental in bringing forth."—*President Joseph F. Smith.*

* * * * *

"His was the mind of a prophet and a poet, than whom none mightier save the very Son of God, ever struck the harp of truth and made it vibrant to the music of the spheres. He produced the great poem called 'Mormonism,' the grandest and sublimest epic ever conceived and brought forth through the mind of man. He stands upon the shoulders of former prophets and sees farther than any of the earlier seers, but above and beyond all is Christ, the Creator, the divine Author of this divinest of poems which, sounded as a prophecy in pre-existent spheres, finds its fullest human expression in the heaven-inspired song sung by the prophet of the last dispensation."—*Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve.*

* * * * *

"The man of whom we speak, Joseph Smith, was the Prophet of the Gospel of Christ in the latter days, through whom was opened the latest dispensation in the work of the Lord—a dispensation called new, though characterized by the restoration of the authority and powers of all preceding epochs—this man is one whom men cannot forget or ignore, try as they may. His place in history is secure; his work is recognized as that of a mission delegated to him alone. There is but this answer to the greatest question of the age, Joseph Smith was truly the Prophet of the Most High God."—*James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve.*

The English Press and the Latter-day Saints

A district conference was held in London on October 10, and it was heralded by unsolicited announcements in several prominent journals, such as *The Daily Express*, *The Evening Standard*, and *The Sunday Chronicle*, influential papers of the country. *The Chronicle* devoted parts of three columns to an interview with one of the missionaries, and in addition mentioned the conference, with editorial comment on the activities and status of the Latter-day Saints. A good portrait of the late President Joseph F. Smith accompanied the article.

The Millennial Star, from which this information is gathered, expresses appreciation for the liberal and fair publicity accorded to the Church and our people by many of the really great and influential newspapers of the country. The truth, as impressed upon the country by the labors of President James E. Talmage and associates, and the visit of Captain Frankau to Utah, with his writings, seems to be bearing fruit.

Correction

Through a typographical error, it was stated in the November *Improvement Era*, in the article entitled, "England and the Jews," page 22, that Orson Hyde dedicated Palestine for the gathering of the Jews on Sunday, October 24, 1847. Of course, every person acquainted with Church history will know that this is an error. The land was dedicated by Elder Orson Hyde on the 24th of October, 1841. (See *History of the Church*, vol. IV, p. 456.)

Books

A new edition of *A Brief History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, illustrated, revised and enlarged, has just been issued. This work, written by Edward H. Anderson, was first published in 1893, and since then many reprints and four revised editions have been issued. The present edition has fifty-one chapters, 245 pages, including a seven-page index. It has a page-picture of each of the seven presidents of the Church; and a page-portrait of all former presidents of the Church, with the present First Presidency, Council of Twelve, Presiding Patriarch, Seven Presidents of Seventy and the Presiding Bishopric. The book is divided into seven parts, the last, added to this edition, touching items in the administration of President Heber J. Grant. It treats briefly the leading incidents in the history of the Church from the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith to the present time, and is written especially to create faith and interest in the youth of the Church in the marvelous work and sacrifices of the founders of this great latter-day religious fabric. Visitors and other persons, who have neither time nor inclination to read the more ponderous books on the subject, may obtain from this source reliable and authentic information concerning the inception, growth and progress of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The book is published by the missions of the Church in America, and comes from the press of Zion's Printing and Publishing Company, Independence, Jackson county, Missouri. It is sold for 25c a copy, in paper cover. The book may be read with profit by all who desire brief and reliable information on the leading events and achievements of the Church. Sold by the twelve missions of the L. D. S. Church in the United States and Canada, including the Bureau of Information; also by the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Priesthood Quorums

(All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood, presented under this heading are prepared under direction of the Presiding Bishopric)

Notes From the Field

The Aaronic priesthood committee of Utah stake, of which Elder W. O. Creer is chairman, has made the following suggestions to the stake presidency relative to activity:

First: Insist on all quorum officers being as active as possible, and release them if inactive.

Second: See that every inactive member is visited, the report of the visitor thoroughly considered, and the visit properly followed up.

Personal contact by someone with the inactive member is the only way he can be reached. One person can do better to visit alone than two or more together.

Always approach the boy when he is alone. Don't discuss your visit with anyone except the bishopric or the supervisors, as it might embarrass the boy if he knew he was being discussed.

Roll Call in Stake Priesthood Meetings

In order properly to account for ward Aaronic Priesthood supervisors at stake priesthood or other stake meetings, it is desirable that provision be made on the roll, or other means used, in accounting for the attendance of the various ward representatives.

Parowan Stake Honor Roll

The stake clerk of Parowan stake, with the approval of the stake presidency, prepares each month and sends out to the various bishoprics, etc., a typewritten statement showing the relative standing of the various wards in the matter of attendance at meetings, ward teaching, etc.

The three wards in each instance showing the highest percentages are listed as first, second and third. A score is kept of three points for first, two for second and one for third place. The relative score of each ward is then shown for the number of months since the first of the year.

Promotion Service

A Lesser Priesthood promotion service was held at the Sacrament meeting in the Murray second ward, Cottonwood stake, on Sunday evening, November 14, 1926, under the direction of Bishop Evald E. Nygren and counselors. Several boys were ordained Deacons and Teachers, and the subjects discussed and the music rendered were in harmony with the spirit of the occasion. The ward Aaronic priesthood supervisors were all in attendance and reported as actively engaged in looking after the individual members.

Aaronic Priesthood Convention, Blackfoot Stake

A special convention of the members of the Aaronic priesthood, their parents and all others interested was recently held in the Blackfoot stake tabernacle. Approximately 300 members of the Aaronic priesthood as well as about 700 others, making a total attendance of 1,000, were present at this convention.

The gathering had been arranged under the direction of the stake Aaronic priesthood committee of six members with Elder A. A. Bingham as chairman. Printed cards were distributed to all beforehand, white for the deacons, blue for the teachers, red for the priests, and green for the parents and young lady friends. The seating was in groups according to these colors. An excellent program was rendered, including the discussion of various phases of priesthood work by the stake presidency and others, followed by refreshments and dancing.

* * * * *

New Presidents of Missions

Hyrum W. Valentine succeeded Fred Tadge of the German-Austrian mission. Bishop Valentine has acted as bishop of the Third ward, Brigham City, and is succeeded in that position by Elder J. Frank Bowring, who was appointed bishop of that ward in October.

The new president of the Samoan mission will be Elder Willard L. Smith, of Leavitt, Alberta, Canada. He succeeds, in January, President Ernest L. Butler, who has been in Samoa since November, 1921.

Elder William R. Sloan, of Highland Park, Granite stake, former bishop of one of the Logan wards, has been called to succeed Elder Brigham S. Young as president of the Northwestern States mission. Elder Sloan expects to leave immediately for Portland, Oregon, to be joined in a few weeks by Mrs. Sloan and their three children.

New Mission Address

The address of the French mission has been changed to 55 Rue de Chene, Geneva, Switzerland.

Passing Events

Bishop John A. Hunt, of the St. Charles ward, Bear Lake stake, died in October.

James A. Anderson, 52, legislator, Church and civic worker, and founder and manager of the Morgau Canning Co., died at his home in Morgan, Thursday, Nov. 18, 1926

Final election returns—A tabulation of the official election returns submitted by the counties was prepared and signed by the three board members, with the attesting signature of the secretary of state, on Monday, November 22, 1926. The election canvass included only those officers for whom the electors in more than one county voted. The final count as approved by the state board follows:

For United States senator—Reed Smoot (R), 88,101; Ashby Snow (D), 53,809; C. T. Stoney (S), 1,310. For U. S. representative, First district—Don B. Colton (R), 44,007; Ephraim Bergeson (D), 27,198; John O. Watters (S), 426. For U. S. representative, Second district—E. O. Leatherwood (R), 42,073; W. B. Wallace, Jr., (D), 27,006; O. E. Parsons (S), 835. For supreme court—Elias Hansen (R), 82,201; George Christensen (D), 57,312; William C. Summer (S), 1,296.

Mutual Work

Prizes for Reading the Whole Book of Mormon

In order to stimulate the reading of the Book of Mormon in the Y. M. M. I. A. during the present Mutual year, a special first and second recognition will be given by the General Board in June, 1927, to the associations that have the highest per cent of their full quota of members who have read the whole Book of Mormon during the year; also first and second recognition will be given to the associations which have the largest number of members who have read the whole Book of Mormon during the M. I. A. year.

The special recognition, in each case, will be a complete set of the reading course books for 1927-28, for the four winning wards; namely, the first and second highest *in per cent*, and the first and second largest *in number*.

The Standards Committee of each ward should make arrangements to keep a monthly record of the reading, by obtaining a weekly report from each class. This should be given to the ward president or secretary; then the report should be made promptly to the stake superintendent or secretary, by May 15, 1927; and by them to the General Secretary by May 30, 1927.

REPORTS ON THE READING COURSE

In like manner, a record should be kept of the remaining books of the reading course; and we suggest the following monthly schedule to be taken care of in a similar manner, and reported at the end of the year.

M. I. A. READING COURSE

..... Stake Ward Date 19.....

NUMBER OF READERS

	<i>Book of Mormon</i>	<i>Prophecies of Jos. Smith</i>	<i>Hugh Wynne</i>	<i>Wild Life on The Rockies</i>
Y. M. M. I. A.				
Officers (Enrolled.....)				
Members (Enrolled.....)				
Y. L. M. I. A.				
Officers (Enrolled.....)				
Members (Enrolled.....)				
Total.....				

Eighteen Lives Saved

A recent case of life saving by scouts of troop 60 of Lewiston, Utah, Cache Valley Council B. S. A., has been brought to the attention of Victor Lindblad, Executive of that council, by Scoutmaster Joseph McKnight. Young Cecil Bodily, a boy of about nine years of age, while playing near the edge of an irrigation canal was suddenly drawn into the full stream. Scout Kenneth Hebden, walking along the bank of the canal at the time, saw the boy, plunged into the water and brought him to the shore in an unconscious state. Kenneth Hebden attracted the attention of Scout James Wiser, and while Scout Wiser used the safe method of artificial respiration on young Bodily, Scout Hebden ran several blocks and called the doctor. Young Wiser succeeded in restoring the boy to consciousness, and

when Dr. Parkinson arrived, he stated that if the boy had not been attended to in the manner as taught to them in Scouting, he certainly would have died.

Scout Hebden, who plunged into the water and rescued the boy was at the time just recovering from a severe illness and was practically exhausted from his work. This is the eighteenth case of actual life saving by Boy Scouts in the Cache Valley Council in the last three years.

New Stake Superintendents Y. M. M. I. A.

Montpelier—Arthur S. Richards, Box 533, Montpelier, Idaho, vice Clarence L. Wright.

Tintic—J. Oswald Webb, Eureka, Utah, vice Nathan Willmore, released.

Bear Lake—Joseph S. Stucki, Paris, Idaho, vice Frank J. Folger.

Lethbridge—Chas. F. Steele, 1237 7th Ave. So., Lethbridge, Canada, vice David H. Elton. H. C. Singer is the secretary-treasurer.

Bannock—William C. Warner, vice John V. Kirby.

M Men, Are You Going to Win?

To encourage the reading of the Book of Mormon, the *Improvement Era* offers a two years' subscription for the best written statement and application of the story connected with the "Waters of Sebus." The story should give the setting, or environment, and draw a lesson from it all applicable to present-day conditions. The story should not be more than five hundred words in length. (Alma 17.)

Writings must be in the hands of the editors of the *Era* by the 20th of December. One year's subscription to the *Era* will be given also to each of the writers of the second and third best stories. Each paper submitted must give the name and address of the author, and the ward M. Men class of which he is a member.

Introductions to the M. I. A. Slogan, 1926-27

(December, 1926)

We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith.

Here are some suggestions from the Standards Committee of material to be used as introductory settings for the slogan in a short, three or four-minute speech preceding the repetition. The introduction and scripture passages for November treated "The Announcement of the Restoration of the Gospel." For December we will treat "The Need of the Restoration of the Gospel."

1. In writing on this subject, Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, says, "The people were surrounded by spiritual darkness; there was no vision, and the people were perishing."—Introduction to *The Restoration of the Gospel*, O. J. P. Widtsoe.

Paul, in his second epistle to Timothy, 4:3, predicts, "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrines; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

2. The prophet Amos, nearly eight hundred years before Christ, predicted, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."—Amos 8:11.

At no time did this condition exist to a greater extent than in the days preceding the restoration of the gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

3. Again, beholding the time of the restoration, Isaiah saw the need of the gospel's being made known to mankind, in his expression, "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the

Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Isaiah 60:2, 3.

4. Again, Isaiah, 29:10, 13-14: "For the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes: the prophets and your rulers, the seers hath he covered." * * * "Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their hearts far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men: Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."

The marvelous work and a wonder, referred to by Isaiah, was established through the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Contests

In the M. I. A. contests for this year, new activities have been added in order to give increased opportunity for the entire membership to participate in this line of work. The finals for some of these activities will end in the stakes or districts, while others will be taken to the Grand Finals at the June Conference.

If these contests are entered with the proper spirit and training, much good will be realized by every community, not only by way of developing the art and cultural life of the people, but also in helping to vitalize and enliven our general M. I. A. program.

DISTRICTS

Starred stakes will take the initiative and call the respective stakes together early to make all necessary arrangements and get a complete understanding of all contest work. See pages 79-80, *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*.

CONTESTS FOR CHURCH GRAND FINALS

Y. M. M. I. A.

- 1—*Public Speaking*. Open only to M Men. Prize: Gold Medal. Subject, original.
- 2—*Male Quartet*. Open only to M Men except professionals. Prize: Gold Medal. Selection, "Prayer Perfect."—Stenson, 15c. Published by Sam Fox Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Ensemble, "Indian Dawn," J. S. Zamecnik. Published by Sam Fox, N. Y., 15c.
- 3—*Male Chorus*. Open to all members except professionals, who are defined as persons whose major income is obtained through teaching, playing or singing. Eight to sixteen members. Prizes: 1st, \$50; 2nd, \$25. Selection, "Thy Sentinel Am I," Watson-Parks, 20c. Published by Parks, York, Neb.
Ensemble, "The Little Old Garden," Hewitt, 15c. Published by Sam Fox, N. Y.

Y. L. M. I. A.

Public Speaking. Open to Senior Girls only. Prize: Gold Medal. Subject, original.

Ladies' Three-part Chorus. 9 to 15 members. Open to all members except professionals. Stake or ward basis. Prizes: 1st, \$50; 2nd, \$25.

Selection, "The Swarm," Saint-Saens. Price, 15c. Published by Harold Flammer, New York. Ensemble, "To Spring," Grieg, price 15c. Published by Harold Flammer, New York.

JOINT CONTESTS

Orchestra. Open to all members except professionals. Stake or ward basis. Five to twelve members. Prizes: first, \$50; second, \$25. Selection, "Jolly Robbers," overture, Suppe. Arranged by Fred Lamp. Published by Emil Ascher, Inc., New York. Ensemble, "Melody in F," Rubinstein, arranged by Serey-Tocabin. Published by Fisher—Progressive Orchestra Album, No. 3.

Band. Open to all members except professionals. Stake or ward basis. Membership unlimited. Prizes: First, \$50; second, \$25. Selection, "The Fall of Jericho," J. B. Maillochand, arranged by Laurendeau. Published by Jean M. Missud, Salem, Mass. Ensemble, "Sons of the Brave," Bidgood, arranged by Reeves. Published by Carl Fischer, New York.

Drama. Open to all members. Prizes: Gold Medals. Play, "The Unequal Yoke," Blanche Kendall McKey. Copies may be obtained at M. I. A. General Offices. Price, 15c, no royalty.

Dancing. Open to all members. Prize: \$25. Dance, "The Lancers." (See description of dance in *Year-Round Program*.) Music, to be found in Pioneer Collection, "Old Time Dances," published by Pioneer Music Publishing Company, 118 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price: Piano part, 75c; all other orchestra parts, 50c.

Note: Music for all contest numbers may be obtained at: Beesley Music Co., Consolidated Music Co., Daynes-Beebe Music Co., Glen Bros.-Roberts Piano Co., Salt Lake, and other music stores, or obtained direct from the publishers.

STAKE AND DISTRICT CONTESTS

Note: It is optional with stakes and districts as to which they will promote.

Mixed Double Quartet. (Open to all members.

Suggested number—"Hark, Hark, My Soul" (Housley).

Instrumental Trio. Open to all members.

Suggested number—"Spring Song" (Mendelssohn).

Soprano Solo. Suggested number—"Solvejg's Song" (Grieg).

Tenor Solo. Suggested number—"Songs My Mother Taught Me" (Dvorak).

Alto Solo. Suggested number—"Serenade" (Schubert).

Baritone Solo. Suggested number—"The Call of Spring" (George P. Hulton), published by Harold Flammer, New York.

Instrumental Solos. *Note:* Stakes will decide upon the kind of instruments and the selections.

Junior Y. M. M. I. A. Chorus. Open to all Juniors up to seventeenth birthday only.

Suggested number—"I Hear the Bee a-Humming" (J. S. Zamecnik), published by Sam Fox, New York, price 15c.

Girls' Chorus. Open to Junior and Bee-Hive Girls only.

Suggested number—"Lullaby" (Schubert), published by Music Educational Bureau, 424 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Fife and Drum Corps. Open to all members.

Harmonica Solo. Open to Junior boys and girls.

Debating. Open to Seniors, Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. Choose your own subject.

Retold Story. Open to Junior or Bee-Hive girls and Junior boys.

Suggested number—"King Robert of Sicily" (Longfellow).

Declamation. Open to all Junior boys and Junior or Bee-Hive Girls.

Suggested number—"Columbus" (Sail On). (Miller).

Folk Dancing. Open to all members.

Suggested number—"Sweet Kate."

Athletics. Open to all members.

Suggested activities—Basketball, baseball, horseshoes, volley ball, tennis, etc.

Creative Arts. Open to all members.

Suggested activities—Essays, drama, handicraft, sculpture, painting, woodcraft, etc.

Music Memory Contest. Open to all members.

Note: For numbers, and further information consult "Year Round Recreation Program," pp. 20-27; free for the asking, if you have not yet received a copy.

Fast Sunday Evening Joint Programs

THEME: THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

V—SOME OF HIS PROPHECIES

(February)

See particularly *Prophecies of Joseph Smith and Their Fulfilment*, by Nephi L. Morris, one of this season's Reading Course books. It is devoted solely and specially to this phase of Joseph Smith's life.

1. Prophecy concerning the Civil War:
Doc. and Cov., section 87; 130:12-13; *History of the Church*, Vol. I, pp. 301-2; *Life of Joseph Smith*, by George Q. Cannon, chapter 22, p. 140. Also an extended discussion by B. H. Roberts in *Joseph Smith, Prophet-Teacher*, pp. 66-77 inclusive.
2. Prophecy concerning Brigham Young, to the effect that he would one day become president of the Church:
George Q. Cannon's *Life of Joseph Smith*, p. 137.
3. The prophecy that the Latter-day Saints would migrate to the Rocky Mountains and there become a mighty people:
Cannon's *Life of Joseph Smith*, p. 379 and p. 447; *Brief History of the Church*, chapter 19, p. 87; Morris' *Prophecies of Joseph Smith and Their Fulfilment*, chapter 5, pp. 124-190; *November Era*, 1926, p. 73.
4. The utterances regarding the Constitution of the United States to the effect that it was divinely inspired:
Doc. and Cov. 101:77, 79-80; 109:54; 98:5, 6.
Also about America being the promised land protected of God:
I Nephi 13:30; *Prophecies of Joseph Smith*, Morris, p. 218; Roberts' *Joseph Smith, Prophet-Teacher*, pp. 66, 67.

VI—AS A STATESMAN

(March)

See p. 190 *Life of Joseph Smith*, standard edition, by George Q. Cannon, for a statement of Joseph Smith, defining the purposes of Government, made at the time he was about to become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

See also chapter 59 of same work, pp. 438-446, for a discussion of his candidacy and certain issues of the campaign as he saw and defined them.

For his solution of the question of Slavery, see *Life of Joseph Smith*, Cannon, p. 443; *History of the Church*, Vol. 6, p. 205, *Views of the Powers and Policy of the Government of the United States*.

His solution was a statesmanlike one in the extreme, and, if carried out, would have saved the Nation from the terrible ravages of the Civil War. See Josiah Quincy's *Figures of the Past*, quoted also in President Grant's conference sermon, *Improvement Era*, November, 1926, pp. 72, 73.

See p. 512 of George Q. Cannon's *Life of Joseph Smith*, for comments from several outside sources regarding his candidacy for the presidency.

See also chapter 27 of B. H. Roberts' book, *A New Witness for God*, vol. 1, for an illuminating discussion of Joseph Smith's ideas for improving the temporal condition of mankind; this is statesmanship of a high order.

For an account of "Governments and Laws in General," as adopted by the Church at a conference in Kirtland, August, 1835, and presented by Oliver Cowdery, read *History of the Church*, Vol. 2, pp. 247-249; also Doc. and Cov. 134.

VII—HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THEOLOGY

(April)

See particularly the Doctrine and Covenants, which contains the latter-day revelations from God for the re-establishment of his Church.

See also the Book of Mormon, which he translated from ancient records containing the history of the peoples settling America and God's dealings with them. This book compares with the Bible.

See also the Pearl of Great Price, which contains translations from the writings of Abraham, and a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith of the visions of Moses. (*i. e.*, the books of Abraham and Moses.) These supplement the Bible and properly belong with the early books thereof. They supplement and amplify the first books of the Old Testament and throw new light on God's dealings with man; and are therefore very important as contributions to theology.

See also B. H. Roberts' *Joseph Smith, Prophet-Teacher*, and particularly pp. 13 to 30, for an illuminating discussion of his great work in correcting the world's misconceptions regarding Deity.

See Joseph Smith's autobiography contained in an abbreviated form in the *Pearl of Great Price*, or more completely in the first volume of the *History of the Church*, wherein Joseph tells of his first great vision; this vision makes plain that God is a personage and that we are in his image. This vision was a distinct and valuable contribution to theology because it made plain certain things pertaining to the form and character of Deity.

See also Dr. Widtsoe's sermon on Joseph Smith in the August, 1926, number of the *Era*, particularly the last half, for a further discussion.

See also the last few chapters of Roberts' *A New Witness for God*, vol I, and particularly chapters 29 and 30, in which are discussed many of Joseph Smith's doctrines concerning Man's place in the universe and his relationship to God.

Note: Select from this lesson whatever points may be thought necessary to occupy the time, as more references are given than can be treated in one evening.

VIII—JOSEPH SMITH'S PLACE IN HISTORY

(May)

For the most significant statement from an outsider concerning Joseph Smith's place in history, see Josiah Quincy's *Figures of the Past*. This is quoted and discussed on pp. 8 and 9 of B. H. Roberts' book, *Joseph Smith, Prophet-Teacher*. See also *Improvement Era*, November, 1926, pp. 72-73, for remarks of Quincy quoted by President Heber J. Grant. Also discussed on p. 26 of the introduction, "The Choice Seer," to the *Life of Joseph Smith*, by George Q. Cannon.

See the works of Roberts just mentioned above, for a discussion tending to show how history will deal with Joseph Smith.

See also the sermon of Dr. Widtsoe in the August, 1926, *Improvement Era*, for a discussion of some of his accomplishments which would insure him a firm place in history.

What To Do In December

Check on joint sessions, especially the monthly joint sessions on Fast Day evening. What preparations are made for this meeting each month? Do these meetings start on time? Do those who participate in the program remain until the close of the meeting, or do they sing their little song, or perform their little exercise, and then go? Is the program outlined by the General Board used? If not, why? (See *Era* for September and December for these programs.) Is the music appropriate for the theme, and in harmony with the subject treated? Do the officers feature local M. I. A. members for the program? Does the regular M. I. A. membership attend, or is the meeting made up mostly of general meeting goers? Are you using the Standard Committee's outlines for introducing the slogan? See page 202.

Check on Scout registration and programs, and M Men activities. Make a careful check of the Advanced Senior department; see how they are progressing in respect to their choice of one of the three divisions of study. Make a decided effort to push the Advanced Senior department. Are your members reading the Book of Mormon?

How about the annual "Gold and Green Ball," mentioned in the *M. I. A. Year-Round Recreation Program*? Are you preparing for it?

How about the Christmas carol singing? This event gives the M. I. A. an opportunity to make a positive contribution to the cheer of Christmas week. Get the groups well organized.

Be prompt with your Efficiency Reports.

Current Events

A STUDY FOR THE M. I. A. ADVANCED SENIOR CLASSES 1926-27

(Prepared by the Advanced Senior Committee)

SPECIAL NOTE TO TEACHERS: *It is expected that the material and questions here presented will be supplemented, selected from, and sometimes substituted. Use what you wish and get something better if you can.—The Committee on Advanced Senior Class Work.*

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER, 1926

I—POLITICS AND INDUSTRY

Flaws in Utah's Tax System

Millions of dollars of intangible wealth in Utah which is subject to taxation under our present system are not taxed, *i. e.*, out of a valuation of close to \$700,000,000 it is estimated that less than \$50,000 comes under this class of property. A great number of professional and business men who are paid large fees and salaries, and who enjoy the benefits of government and free education, etc., contribute very little to the cost of the state.

Questions: How may this difficulty be overcome? What are some of the reasons for its existence? Name and discuss some of the methods which have been suggested and tried in other states. What are some of the evils of the general property tax? Would an income tax or a classified property tax remedy the situation? A whole evening may be well spent discussing this question. Reference: *Salt Lake Tribune*, October 24 and 26, Report of the State Board of Equalization.

French Still Blame the United States

The unfavorable sentiment in France continues toward the United

States. The economic condition there is becoming worse in place of better. The French blame the United States for this situation. Notwithstanding France is much better off than both England and Italy, so far as employment is concerned, yet the country continues to be enraged over her conditions and our attitude toward the debt settlement. Great Britain has more than three millions out of employment; Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Italy are also afflicted with the curse of unemployment in varying degrees, while France, with over forty million inhabitants, has not more than five hundred unemployed. Agriculture is prosperous and the peasants are enjoying a standard of living unprecedented, yet France fears her debt burden and refuses to make any settlement with the United States.

Questions: Is this attitude on the part of France justifiable? If so, in what way? If not, in what way? How can this attitude be remedied? Would cancellation of her obligations to us do it, or must some other method be devised?

The 1927 Cotton Crop

The buying power of the South will be damaged tremendously the coming year as a result of the record-breaking cotton crop unless some way is found to lift the market price above the cost of production. It is estimated that the crop for 1926 will be at least 16,627,000 bales with the price at the present time of 13c a pound and the cost of production from 16c to 18c a pound. As the cotton bales weigh about five hundred pounds, this would mean a loss of from \$15 to \$25 on every bale marketed, or from \$250,000,000 to \$400,000,000 on the whole crop. The result of this great loss would damage the economic life, not only of the South, but of the entire nation.

Questions: What can be done to relieve this situation? Apparently it is to the interest of the people of the South to adjust their acreage to meet a careful estimate of the demand rather than to overstock the market. In other words, to follow the law of supply and demand. Are there other methods? Should an immediate survey be made to determine to what extent the cotton-consuming countries of Europe may be induced to undertake long-term purchases? or, Should the domestic spinning industry be urged to buy more? or, Should encouragement be given the banking interests of the South to stand back of the cotton producer? or, What relief measures should be adopted? *Literary Digest*, October 23, 1926, pp. 5 to 7.

II—RELIGION

Bishop Charles Fiske says the Church has lost its prestige. Quote what he says. (*Literary Digest*, Oct. 16, 1926, p. 35.)

Are we losing our spirituality?

Name factors in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that keep spirituality alive.

Dr. William Chalmers Covert cites that one hundred years ago there was only one Christian communicant among the students in Princeton College, while now the majority of the Princeton students are classed as active church members. He feels that this is typical of the advance which religion is making in the colleges and universities of America.

Quote what the *Chicago News* says. (*Literary Digest*, Oct. 16, 1926, p. 37.)

What do you think has contributed to this increase?

Presiding Justice Franklin Chase Hoyt of the Children's Court, New York, gives the encouraging news that juvenile delinquency is decreasing.

Quote what he says about the Court's future. (*Literary Digest*, Oct. 16, 1926, p. 37.)

A large percentage of crimes of violence are committed by young men.

What can be done to strengthen the moral fibre and the sense of social responsibility of the coming generation?

Yale has abolished compulsory attendance at chapel. Princeton is thinking of doing likewise.

Is this wise? Why? (*Literary Digest*, Oct. 30, 1926.)

Powerful influences in the Church of England are seeking to abolish "hell." What are their reasons therefor?

What is the Catholic stand?

What do you understand by eternal punishment? (See *Rational Theology*, p. 173.)

What is the Latter-day Saints' stand on the doctrine of "hell?"

III—SCIENCE AND INVENTION

I. *Thunder Storms:*

They are destructive and productive. Their occurrence is frequent and seldom. They help and they hinder. They cease and are constantly going on.

Do you know how many homes could be lighted by the electricity expended every day in thunder storms?

How many thunder storms are there on the earth going on all the time?

How many lightning flashes are there in every second of time?

Which is the most "thundery" city in the United States?

What town has the world record for thunder storms?

What city has but one lightning display in a year?

Why are thunder storms more destructive in temperate zones than in the tropics?

How are thunder storms related to forests?

How are air craft and radio communication affected by thunder storms?

In what two ways is the farmer aided by thunder storms?

(See *Literary Digest*, Oct. 9, 1926, p. 25.)

II. *New Planetary Problems:*

According to Dr. Reginald Dalley, Professor of Geology at Harvard, the earth is a child of the sun and the moon is probably the offspring of the earth. The earth was once like a sea of glass. Originally the continents were one. The material of the mountains is lighter than that underlying the low places in the earth.

III. *Growing Old:*

Old age may be deferred. Our aging materially is in our own hands. Inactivity invites old age.

When does one actually begin to be old?

What per cent of our population is made up of old people?

How may premature old age be fortified against in youth and middle age?

Is age a disease?

Is "returning" a help or a hindrance to longevity?

(See *Literary Digest*, Oct. 9, 1926, p. 28.)

IV. *Sleeplessness:*

In the light of experience discuss the following statement of an eminent scientist: "The thought of falling to sleep soothes, and the fear of not being able to sleep inhibits the automaton of this (the sleep) center."

Correlate the following scriptural quotation, "Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven," with what is written under the caption, "How the Spade is Verifying the Scripture," in the *Literary Digest* of September 18, 1926, p. 33.

Miscellaneous Questions: What is auto-intoxication? (See any good encyclopedia.)

Was the Liahona a radiograph, and, if so, was it pre-scientific?

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, October, 1926

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	11	167	69	92	---	198	526	78	57	65	---	149	349
Bear River	476	12	8	80	102	51	---	50	283	68	91	35	47	---	241
Box Elder	771	13	13	134	226	167	14	225	766	119	118	117	4	175	533
Cache	566	8	5	47	33	70	---	139	289	38	25	50	---	99	212
Cottonwood	717	10	8	93	60	107	21	181	462	70	47	68	16	154	355
Deseret	493	12	9	72	129	83	20	134	438	62	89	50	11	100	312
Garfield	308	8	3	26	32	20	---	28	106	17	21	---	---	13	51
Grant	1400	14	14	---	---	---	---	---	838	---	---	---	---	---	740
Gunnison	279	7	6	43	33	42	18	45	181	40	28	35	16	36	155
Hyrum	500	10	5	43	55	52	30	72	252	34	42	38	21	23	158
Liberty	1350	12	11	115	134	193	106	264	812	106	92	152	84	239	673
Logan	597	11	8	72	28	75	---	157	332	53	27	54	---	122	256
Millard	344	8	5	41	49	24	---	38	152	24	38	18	---	22	102
North Davis	467	6	1	9	3	21	---	32	65	8	2	15	---	28	53
North Sanpete	700	10	8	60	38	102	5	136	341	50	24	71	2	100	247
North Weber	620	13	13	99	53	115	22	206	498	82	41	70	14	157	364
Ogden	848	10	8	85	72	147	37	191	532	67	50	101	24	144	386
Oquirrh	462	5	5	60	44	48	4	119	275	43	33	38	4	83	201
Parowan	536	9	3	22	50	45	1	26	144	18	37	32	5	15	107
Pioneer	775	10	10	76	67	134	14	160	451	71	49	100	11	129	360
Roosevelt	343	12	2	18	24	8	12	9	71	12	17	8	---	8	12
Salt Lake	1072	13	13	142	114	186	52	279	773	116	89	144	35	202	586
San Juan	193	4	3	21	40	37	12	19	129	17	29	20	12	16	94
South Sevier	200	8	4	35	32	7	7	38	119	24	26	4	7	24	85
Uintah	410	10	9	74	118	---	128	136	456	60	80	110	---	120	370
Weber	711	9	9	76	50	80	33	145	384	57	26	53	16	106	258
Bannock	242	8	5	31	68	19	---	31	149	31	42	10	---	20	103
Bear Lake	363	11	10	88	67	64	8	100	327	47	51	36	5	65	204
Boise	360	9	7	---	---	---	---	---	216	---	---	---	---	---	129
Cassia	193	6	6	54	45	26	---	52	177	50	40	25	---	48	163
Curlew	120	10	3	20	24	6	---	23	73	11	14	3	---	8	36
Fremont	657	14	11	89	131	140	23	141	524	66	103	88	18	97	372
Idaho	201	9	6	50	34	9	2	28	123	37	33	13	1	25	109
Idaho Falls	532	11	7	47	82	49	---	40	218	31	61	28	---	25	145
Minidoka	242	8	4	27	18	21	---	15	81	18	24	16	---	14	72
Montpelier	367	13	10	58	65	34	8	104	269	39	37	36	3	76	190
Pocatello	561	10	9	85	69	86	15	152	407	83	59	74	17	115	348
Portneuf	258	9	7	56	44	38	5	74	217	46	37	22	3	41	143
Raft River	160	8	4	27	36	14	8	23	108	18	14	6	3	13	54
Rigby	538	13	8	---	---	---	---	---	323	---	---	---	---	---	194
Shelley	325	9	6	62	51	42	3	41	199	44	51	20	3	36	154
Twin Falls	210	5	4	33	54	26	---	35	148	28	39	22	---	28	117
Yellowstone	370	10	6	39	65	36	---	28	168	41	61	38	---	27	167
Lethbridge	223	9	6	38	46	38	10	36	168	27	32	22	9	28	118
Lyman	210	9	---	---	---	---	---	---	308	---	---	---	---	---	246
Maricopa	428	8	8	75	94	92	7	123	391	61	83	72	7	94	317
Moapa	237	9	7	52	71	72	10	87	292	44	42	52	4	62	204
Star Valley	359	11	8	72	48	76	---	55	251	43	25	50	---	30	148
Calif. Mission	1046	34	11	70	114	78	---	71	333	63	89	48	---	50	250
N. W. States	130	---	6	43	74	54	---	29	200	40	61	48	---	29	178

Note: The report covers 48 stakes and two missions. Last year we had 43 stakes and two missions for October. We hope to get the full number of stakes, 96, for November, by Dec. 10. Why not? Note the two stakes that have 10 in reading the Book of Mormon.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, October, 1926

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Migs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	5	10	6	4	5	3	10	6	10	7	66
Bear River	6	10	10	10	10	1	9	5	10	10	81
Box Elder	10	10	10	7	7	5	8	6	10	10	83
Cache	5	10	6	5	4	---	2	1	6	6	45
Cottonwood	6	10	7	6	6	5	2	4	9	8	63
Deseret	9	10	7	6	4	5	9	7	9	8	74
Garfield	3	5	7	---	6	---	6	---	---	4	31
Grant	6	10	10	10	10	3	9	5	10	10	83
Gunnison	7	10	9	2	4	7	5	4	6	9	62
Hyrum	5	6	4	4	2	3	3	3	4	5	39
Liberty	7	10	10	10	10	3	6	5	10	10	81
Logan	6	10	10 ^a	10	10	3	6	3	10	9	77
Millard	4	10	4	2	5	---	3	2	5	5	40
North Davis	1	10	10	10	10	10	10	1	10	10	82
North Sanpete	5	10	7	10	7	4	7	5	8	6	69
North Weber	8	10	9	9	8	6	10	10	10	10	90
Ogden	6	10	8	10	8	5	7	7	8	8	77
Oquirrh	6	10	8	8	8	3	8	8	8	8	75
Parowan	3	10	7	7	7	---	3	---	10	10	57
Pioneer	6	10	10	5	8	1	5	---	10	9	64
Roosevelt	2	10	2	---	1	5	2	2	2	2	28
Salt Lake	7	10	10	10	9	4	6	8	10	10	84
San Juan	7	10	7	2	2	7	7	5	5	---	52
South Sevier	6	10	5	2	---	1	4	4	5	5	42
Uintah	10	10	8	3	8	10	8	4	10	7	88
Weber	5	10	10	7	5	5	5	5	10	10	72
Bannock	6	10	5	5	---	---	---	5	5	5	41
Bear Lake	9	6	9	3	3	3	7	5	8	8	61
Boise	6	6	7	5	6	6	5	4	7	6	58
Cassia	9	10	10	1	1	9	9	10	9	10	78
Curlew	6	5	3	1	---	1	10	---	4	2	32
Fremont	8	10	8	10	5	5	7	6	8	8	75
Idaho	6	10	10	5	6	4	5	6	7	8	67
Idaho Falls	4	10	9	9	9	4	5	5	9	10	74
Minidoka	3	10	8	5	5	3	6	4	8	3	55
Montpelier	7	10	7	3	4	4	7	5	6	8	61
Pocatello	7	10	10	10	7	7	10	7	9	10	87
Portneuf	8	10	7	---	1	---	6	6	7	7	52
Raft River	7	5	7	---	3	3	8	6	5	5	49
Rigby	6	6	5	2	3	3	4	3	5	5	42
Shelley	6	10	10	5	8	4	9	7	10	10	75
Twin Falls	7	10	8	4	4	2	5	6	8	8	62
Yellowstone	5	10	10	3	3	4	9	9	8	9	70
Lethbridge	8	10	8	8	10	6	6	8	10	10	84
Lyman	10	8	8	5	4	7	5	6	---	5	58
Maricopa	9	10	10	10	6	5	8	8	10	10	86
Moapa	10	10	7	4	6	4	4	8	8	7	68
Star Valley	7	6	7	5	5	4	6	5	5	6	56
Calif. Mission	3	10	8	3	4	6	6	8	6	9	63
N. W. States	10	10	5	2	2	8	5	5	10	5	62

Passing Events

Senator Reed Smoot was elected Nov. 2, 1926, for the fifth time, to represent Utah in the U. S. Senate, where he has served almost a quarter of a century with distinction.

A new chapel was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant at Sheridan, Wyo., October 29, 1926. The Saints in Sheridan, who have erected this place of worship, belong to the Western States mission.

Five thousand Indians gathered, Oct. 26, at Lawrence, Kansas, in order to smoke the pipe of peace and celebrate the opening of a \$250,000 athletic stadium. Many of them came in limousines and other expensive automobiles.

A typhoon, a tidal wave, and floods combined to devastate large areas of the Philippine islands, according to a dispatch from Manila, Nov. 7, 1926. Over 300 lives were lost, and thousands rendered homeless. The property damage was reported very heavy. Physicians and medical supplies have been sent to the stricken districts.

Radio across the ocean is now possible, direct communication between Montreal and London, by wireless, having been attained, Oct. 21, 1926, by means of the so-called Marconi beam. This system directs the radio waves in a limited path toward a given objective, instead of radiating them in all directions, as in ordinary wireless transmission.

In an earthquake that rocked Armenia, Oct. 23, thirty-two persons were reported dead and a hundred injured. It was thought that the Mountain of Ararat was in eruption, and people fled in panic. Upward of 400 persons were killed, hundreds were injured, and 100,000 made homeless. The greater part of the city of Leninakan, with 40,000 inhabitants, was destroyed.

Eugene V. Debs, the socialist leader, died, Oct. 20, 1926, at a suburban sanitarium, Chicago. The body was taken to his home at Terre Haute, Ind. Later it will be cremated at Indianapolis, Ind. He was born at Terre Haute, in 1855, and became a member of the Indiana legislature in 1885. He was a candidate for the U. S. presidency in 1900, and again in 1904 and 1908, on the socialist ticket.

Concerning the speed of light, Prof. Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, made the announcement, Nov. 8, 1926, before the National Academy of Science at Philadelphia that light travels at the rate of 299,796 kilometers per second, instead of, as formerly taught, 186,000 miles. The professor has spent a lifetime in research on this subject, and the result attained, though the difference is apparently slight, is considered of immense importance.

Earthquakes are terrorizing the inhabitants of Ararat Valley, Armenia. Shocks had occurred for 15 days at the rate of five a day, as reported on Nov. 7, 1926. Professor Shaw of England and Dr. Chester Reed of America, earthquake experts, have been consulted as to whether the shocks are likely to continue. The Armenian earthquake is unique in seismic history. The development of fissures of unknown depth and sulphur springs and a fifteen-foot recession of the foot-hills, Russian scientists say, indicate a disturbance of the greatest importance in the earth's crust.

Mme. Alexandra Kollontay, Soviet Russia's "minister" to Mexico, has been denied entrance to the United States. The American consul general in Berlin has refused to visa her passport, with the approval of our state department, as announced from Washington, Nov. 4, 1926. The

request for a visa was refused on the ground that Mme. Kollontay was "one of the outstanding members of the Russian communist party, a member of the third congress of the communist international, who has been actively associated with the international communist subversive movement."

The Summer season on the planet Mars is well advanced, astronomers announced on Oct. 27, after observations of that luminary. The white spot at the north pole, supposed to be snow or ice, is much smaller than it was in August, 1924, when observations were taken of the planet's winter "cap." A Martian Summer, however, is not very hot. They tell us the temperature in Mars ranges from 30 or 40 degrees above freezing point at noon to 150 or more below at midnight. The distance between the earth and Mars just now is 42,400,000 miles. Next time it will come so near will be in 1939.

Queen Marie, the consort of King Ferdinand I, of Rumania, arrived in Washington, Oct. 18, 1926, on a special train from New York. Secretary and Mrs. Kellogg received the distinguished lady and her traveling companions at the railroad station, and after formal greetings had been exchanged, she was escorted, by a formidable military force, to the Rumanian legation. Later in the day she paid her respects to Pres. and Mrs. Coolidge, and her visit was promptly returned at the legation, by the president and the first lady of the land. Dinner was then given in the large dining room of the White House.

Lieutenant Frank H. Conant, of the U. S. Air Service, crashed into shallow water at Winter Harbor, near Norfolk, Oct. 30. His body, strapped to the seat, with the parachute undisturbed on his back, was recovered 7 hours afterwards. It was buried at Arlington National Cemetery, Nov. 2. Just what caused the accident is not known. Conant, born at the naval academy at Annapolis, November 13, 1898, was graduated there in 1919, and was assigned to the battleship Oklahoma as an ensign. The next year he requested flight instruction, and, in addition to his regular duties, was qualified as a pilot at the Hampton Roads air station.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe was made president of the Utah Public Health Association, Oct. 21, at the annual meeting of the association at the Hotel Utah, to succeed George D. Keyser. That Utah should have a state sanatorium for the care of residents of the state afflicted with tuberculosis was the chief plea embodied in the report of James H. Wallis, executive secretary of the Utah Public Health association. The report contained extracts from the survey conducted on the state tuberculosis situation by Dr. H. E. Edwards, medical field secretary, in which Dr. Edwards declared that the most outstanding control measure needed was a state sanatorium.

Earthquake shocks rocked California coast cities, Oct. 22, but no material damage was reported. The first tremor was registered by the University of California seismograph at 4:36 a. m., the second an hour later and two others at 6:42 and 8:04. The first was the sharpest and the others of mild intensity, the last not being felt generally. Merchants in the downtown stores reported their stocks were undisturbed and those dealing in china said that they suffered no loss. The center of the disturbances was located seventy miles south of San Francisco in Monterey county. The first and sharpest shock was of four degrees maximum on the seismograph.

Harry Houdini, the "handcuff" magician, passed away at Detroit, Oct. 31, 1926, of peritonitis, following an operation for appendicitis, at the age of 52 years. He began his career as a trapeze performer, and then became a sleight-of-hand performer, with a predilection for jail paraphernalia. He challenged the spiritists, claiming that he could duplicate any of their tricks. The challenge was accepted by Ramen Bey, Egyptian mystifier, in August, who created a sensation by remaining in a sealed coffin under

water for nineteen minutes. "Short breaths and conservation of oxygen did it," said Houdini, who entered the coffin and stayed there ninety minutes.

A year of 13 months, and 28 days each month is being used, it is said, by private organizations both in America and England, as an auxiliary calendar for purposes of accountancy and the payment of employees, according to a statement published, Oct. 28, 1926, by the International Fixed Calendar league. The movement for a new calendar reform is sponsored by the League of Nations, but it is found that public opinion is not yet prepared for it. The advantages claimed for the 13-months year are that all the months have the same number of days, that the periods for which salaries are calculated correspond to the periods of expenditures, and that each month contains the same number of whole weeks.

A disastrous hurricane struck Cuba, Oct. 20, 1926, causing death and destruction. According to some reports, 600 persons were killed, 9,000 injured and 6,000 rendered homeless. Ten or more towns and villages were destroyed. One hundred ships of various classes were sunk or badly damaged. The center of the hurricane was east of Havana. A section of the city of Havana was inundated by a tidal wave that in the lower part in the city reached to the second story of the houses. The total damage is estimated at \$100,000,000. In Havana, on Oct. 24, 117 bodies had been buried. Cuba asks for outside aid. Thirty-two were reported dead, 100 injured and virtually all property destroyed in the Isle of Pines.

Oil has again been struck in the Frank Shafer No. 1 well, according to a report from Moab, Utah, Nov. 2, 1926. The oil gushed from a depth of 4,976 feet. It is of a greenish hue and high specific gravity. The Frank Shafer is the well that last December blew in as an oil gusher at a depth of 2028 feet, and flowed unrestrained for several weeks. After a long struggle the formation from which the oil came was closed, and the drilling proceeded as a test well for the deeper strata. On Nov. 2, the tools dropped into an oil stratum, and, with a roar that could be heard for some distance away, the well blew in. The tools were blown up the hole for several hundred feet, when they bridged. The column of oil gushed to the top of the derrick, the flow continuing for ten minutes.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, for forty years leader of the House of Representatives, died at 2 o'clock a. m., November 12, at the age of ninety. He passed quietly away while asleep, or in a state of coma. He contracted a cold last July, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, and was compelled to forsake his daily walk and take to his automobile instead. His daughter, Helen, was summoned from Europe in September, when his condition began to appear serious. This year was the first time since he voted for Lincoln, in 1860, that "Uncle Joe" failed to cast his ballot. He was elected to Congress in 1873, and was an active member and leader until 1922, when he announced his retirement, after forty-six years of service. He was widely known throughout the entire country, and was loved and respected by both old and young. The memory of "Uncle Joe" Cannon will always be associated with activity, leadership, a spirit of fighting for the right as one sees it, and a sane view of our country's problems.

The U. S. Supreme Court, on Oct. 25, 1926, handed down a decision, which is characterized as the most important in the history of the Country. It is, briefly stated, that the President of the United States has authority to dismiss certain officials without the consent of the senate. Chief Justice Taft rendered the decision. Three of the members of the court, McHenry, Holmes and Brandeis dissented. Justice McHenry characterized the decision as revolutionary, and predicted that the consequences of it would soon be apparent. The case decided was that of the administratrix of Frank S. Myers, appellant, versus the United States. Frank Myers was the postmaster at

Portland, Ore. He was appointed by President Wilson on July 21, 1917, for the usual term of four years. On February 2, 1920, Wilson removed him. Myers brought suit for his salary for the balance of the term, amounting to \$8,838.71. He based his claim on the principle that the president could not remove him, except "with the consent of the senate." Myers' counsel argued the statute of congress, which, in part, reads, "Postmasters shall be appointed and may be removed by the president by and with the consent of the senate." The question was, had the senate the right to pass this statute? Can congress assert that the president must consult the senate before removing officials? Or has the president an unqualified right to dismiss? In short, is this statute constitutional? The Supreme Court now says it is not.

A new cathode ray tube has been invented by Dr. W. D. Coolidge, according to an announcement made, Oct. 20, 1926, before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. In the darkened room and with a current of 350,000 volts applied to the tube, the rays were visible as a purple glow extending about a foot from the tube. A crystal of Calcite, Iceland spar, glowed as red hot in the rays, although it was stone cold. It continued luminous for hours. A piece of marble was similarly affected. Granite became iridescent, and acetylene gas was changed into a powder of unknown chemical composition. The ray, it was said, had removed hair from the ear of a rabbit, but after a second application, hair of different color began to grow. Castor-oil, in the ray, solidified, and cadmium tungstate, spread upon a card board, became highly luminous. Whether the new tube can be used to combat disease remains to be seen, but as the ray it emits kills insects, it is probable that it will kill microbes and bacteria as well.

Three new chapels were opened, Oct. 17, 1926, in Salt Lake City, for L. D. S. worship. Thirteen hundred people attended the grand opening of the new Wells ward chapel, where President Heber J. Grant was the main speaker. All the fourteen bishops of the stake, and Stake President Joseph J. Daynes, made brief addresses. The meeting was in charge of Bishop Francis D. Higginbotham. A bas-relief, "Christ by the Well," by a local sculptor, T. S. Knaphus, was unveiled by the bishop. The new Fourth ward chapel was dedicated by President Anthony W. Ivins. The meeting was in charge of Bishop W. F. Perschon. Among those present was Patriarch Harrison Sperry, a pioneer of 1847 and former bishop of the ward. President D. E. Hammond, of the Pioneer stake, related some of his early experiences in the Fourth ward, which is one of the oldest in Salt Lake City. President Charles W. Nibley dedicated the new \$62,000 chapel of Nibley Park ward. Bishop Samuel F. Bennion was in charge of the meeting. President Nibley spoke of the faithfulness of the Latter-day Saints, as manifested in their willingness to give of their means for the expansion of the Church.

The Second Utah-Intermountain Egg-Laying Contest finished the year, October 30, in fine shape, with the unusual production of 42.5% for the month of October. Counting all competing birds until the close of the contest or death, the average production was 197.8 eggs for the year, a yearly average production of 54.3%. The highest three pens were, in their order: H. C. Sorensen, Kent, Washington, 2425; Henacres (E. R. Wells' Prop.), Prosser, Washington, 2319; Ivins Trapnest Leghorn Farm, Murray, Utah, 2265. There were twenty-four entries. The total cost for feeds and litter for the year was \$413.01. The total number of eggs laid was 46,196. The value of the eggs was \$1,048.26. The return above feed costs was \$634.25. A certificate will be issued for the production of merit to all hens in the contest which have produced 250 eggs or more during the year; and special certificates are being issued for unusual production to the ten leading pens and to the ten leading hens in the contest. Byron Alder, Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, Logan, Utah, is the station poultryman and superintendent of the contest.

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"Have you received the *Era*?" This is a question that the conference president of the Manchester conference has to answer many times. "We all look forward to the next issue of this splendid publication of the Church, and are always benefited by reading it. We send every good wish for the continued success of the *Improvement Era*. It is greatly appreciated."—*Landell S. Merrill*, conference president, Manchester, England.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, DECEMBER, 1926

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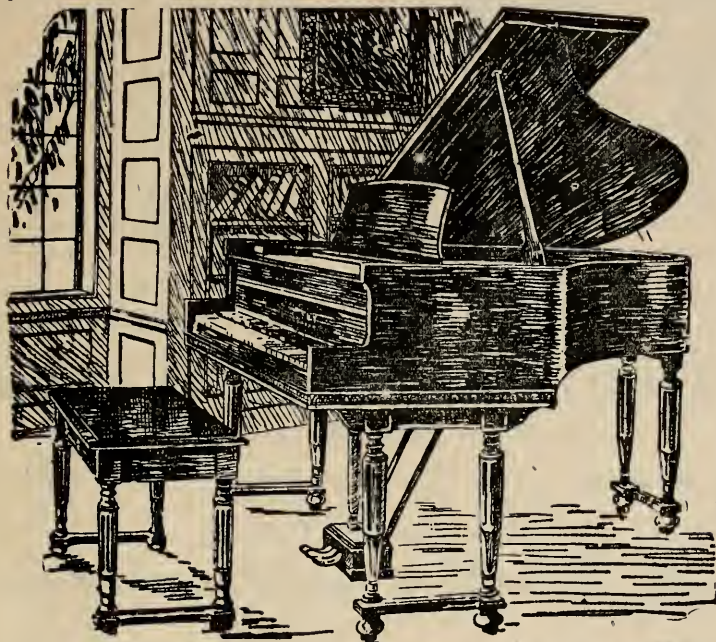
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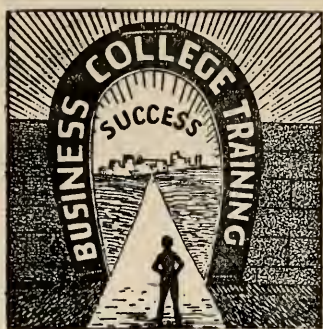
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* * *

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* * *

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Porter: "Dat am no berth, sah, dat am a section."—L. F.

* * *

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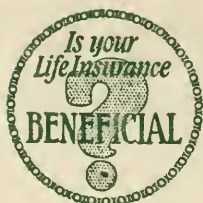
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